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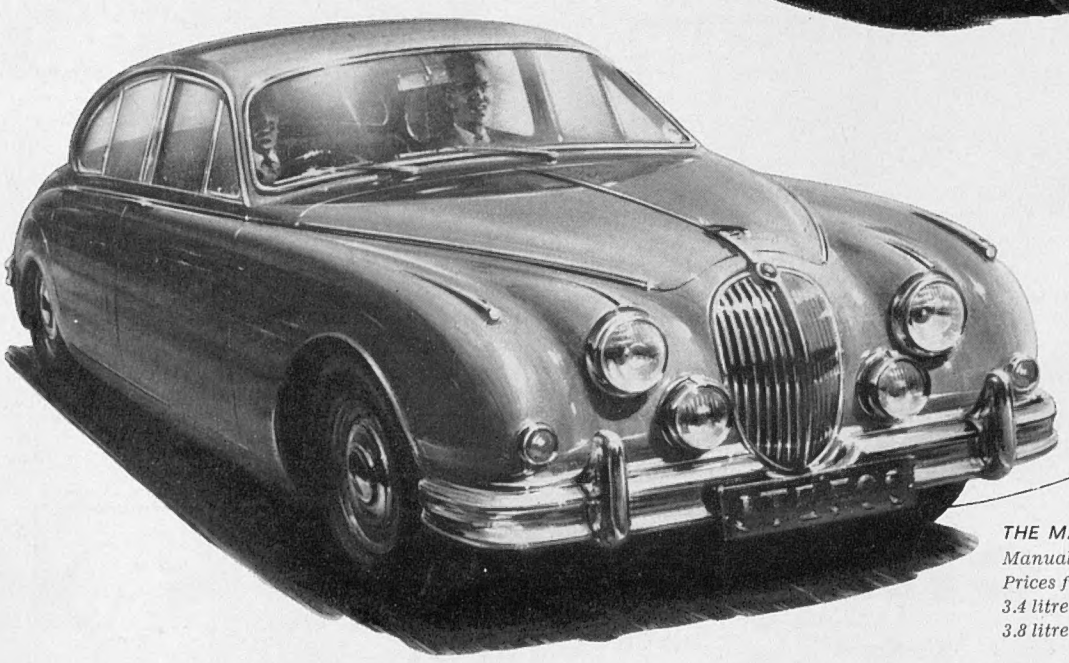

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Volume CCLVII. No. 3337 LONDON, May 16, 1964

THE SPHERE

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Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Mr Harold Wilson talk together at the Mansion House in the City of London before attending the luncheon at which the Lord Mayor, Alderman C. James Harman, launched his national appeal for £1 million for a memorial to President Kennedy. Mr Grimond, the Liberal Leader, was also present. The proposed memorial will take two forms. First, a plinth and steps will be erected on a site at Runnymede and the site given in perpetuity to the United States Government. Second, a scholarship scheme will be established for British students to go to Harvard University, Radcliffe College or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Mansion House occasion brought the three political leaders together on the day of the borough elections last week. (See also News Summary)

BRITAIN'S MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT KENNEDY

NEWS SUMMARY

Moves to lower tariff barriers; Britain's surfeit of psephology

222 **INTERNATIONAL**

The Foreign Ministers of 15 Nato countries assembled at The Hague on Monday. For the first time in three years they were meeting without their Defence Ministers. It was reported that the issues with France that have been rocking the Alliance in recent months, particularly over the question of contributions of forces to Nato, would not be formally pressed, but that unofficially at least the corridors would be buzzing with little else. The Ministers were to hear as usual the report of the Secretary-General of Nato, Dr Stikker, who believes that the military and political organs of Nato should have their headquarters in the same place. If the French were to allow a more closely integrated Atlantic Community instead of moving away from partnership, the US might agree to a transference of the Standing Group from Washington to Paris. This move should appeal to General de Gaulle.

The US Senator Fulbright completed his mission to Ankara and Athens last week on behalf of President Johnson, who wished him to express America's growing concern over the Cyprus situation and to urge the dangers to Nato of an open rift between Greece and Turkey. The Senator said in Athens he had no proposals to make, and Mr Papandreou, the Greek Prime Minister, denied any suggestion had been made to him of a summit conference. On Sunday the Turkish Deputy Prime Minister said in Istanbul Turkish preparations to intervene in Cyprus were complete.

In Geneva, the meeting of Ministers from member countries of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) concluded with an agreed communiqué. The agreement is to table offers of a tariff reduction on the basis of a 50 per cent. cut. Following this progress towards achieving the Kennedy round, interest reverted to the UN Trade and Development conference also taking place in Geneva.

GREAT BRITAIN

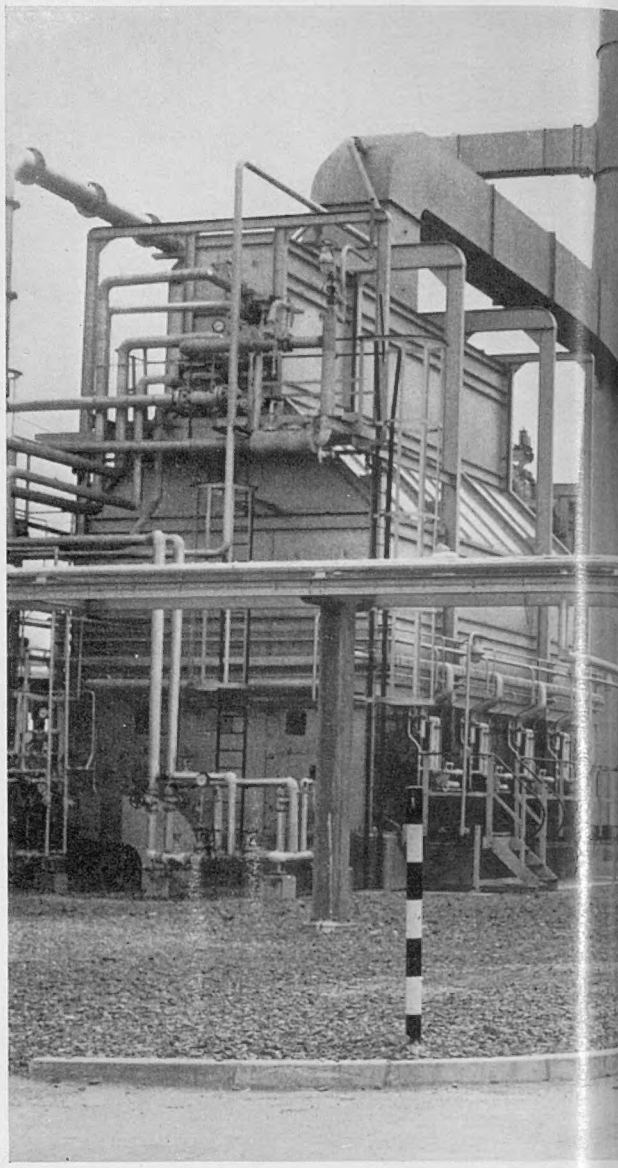
The surfeit of psephology, which promises to be staple fare for the British public until the autumn, continued to be served this week both before and after the four by-elections on May 14—at Rutherglen, Devizes, Bury St. Edmunds and Winchester. The important question was how these Parliamentary results compared with the local elections in England and Wales last week. In London the pattern of the Greater London Council election was followed, with Labour gaining control of the majority of the boroughs. On the nation-wide assessment Labour also had many gains, but experts noted that by no means all Labour's losses in 1961 had been regained. This was welcome comfort to the hard-pressed Conservatives who also believed the wide variation in opinion poll figures might indicate a turn of the tide in their favour. The Labour lead in the polls last week varied from a maximum lead of 17 points down to an eight-point minimum. Parliament was due to go into recess on Friday of this week until June 2. Business in the last five days included the remaining stages of the Malawi Independence Bill (Nyasaland takes the name of Malawi on independence in July) and of the controversial Resale Prices Bill.

A matter which seems certain to be subject for disputation for a long time, both in and out of Parliament, is the proposal by the Speaker's Committee on Accommodation, issued last week, for an extension to the present buildings of Parliament. The all-party committee's suggestion that the new buildings should be in a Gothic style, thus harmonising with the existing buildings, has been hotly criticised from some quarters.

UNITED STATES

President Johnson last week took the issue of Civil Rights down to the deep South where fierce opposition to the proposed Bill has been violent and vocal. The ovations and receptions he got in his lightning tour—six states in 30 hours—went some way to silencing critics and observers who have said that the Civil Rights issue will cost him the South in the November Presidential elections. Talking with a breakfast party of legislators in Georgia, the President was loudly applauded when he said: "The rights of no single American are secure, until the rights of all Americans are secure. Full participation in our society can no longer be denied to people because of race and colour." The enthusiastic reception given to the President could have repercussions on the Republican Party's nomination for the election. Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, is supposed to be all-powerful in the South, but after the Presidential visit, observers were saying that Johnson's appeal in that area seemed to be overwhelming.

The Commonwealth Institute is the picture in full colour on the cover of next week's issue of *The Sphere*, which will be a special one to mark Commonwealth Day. The theme of all the articles is the present and the future, and the writers of them come from many different Commonwealth countries. *Order now from your newsagent 2s 6d, or 3s by post from The Publisher, The Sphere, 13 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2*



In foreign affairs one of the principal election issues is again likely to be Cuba and especially the trade embargo which the United States is attempting to get its allies to enforce. Last week France followed Britain's lead and signed a government-approved contract for 20 locomotives with Cuba.

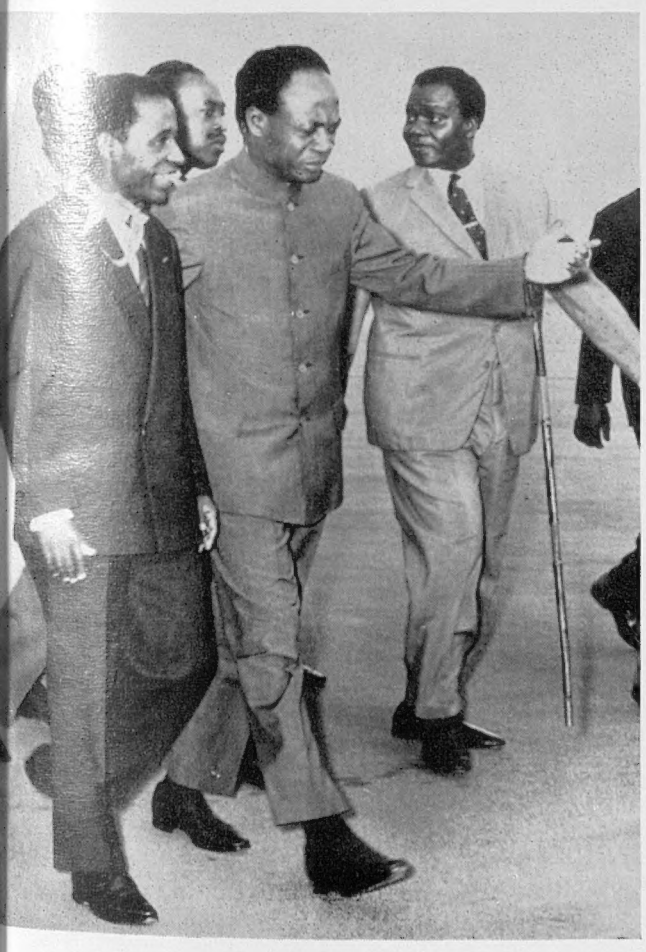
Mr Dean Rusk, the American Secretary of State, was in Europe for the Nato Meeting of Foreign Ministers in Brussels where he was expected to put the strongest possible pressure on the Nato allies to conform with American policy in the Cuban Trade Embargo. British reaction to this pressure seemed, at first, unsympathetic, although there was talk over the weekend of reviewing the credit facilities granted to Cuba in large deals.

CHINNERY—CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1963

The attention of the Editor has been drawn to the article on the painter Chinnery which appeared in our 1963 Christmas Number on November 9, 1963. We wish to make it plain that no reference was intended to either Mr Henry Berry-Hill or Mr Sidney Berry-Hill who are the authors of a book on Chinnery or to their New York art gallery "Berry-Hill Galleries." Any inconvenience which might have been caused to any of them is greatly regretted.

Left: Prince Philip talks to officials of the British Petroleum Company after he had opened the new oil refinery in Belfast. The refinery is six miles from Belfast's city centre, and is able to process 1,300,000 tons of crude oil a year. The cost of the project was £7 million

Above: In Paris, President Charles de Gaulle waves to the crowds from his open car as he drives down the Champs-Elysées after a VE Day ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe. Hostilities with Germany ceased 19 years ago on May 8, at midnight



Far left: President Nkrumah of Ghana walking with President Massemba-Debat of the Congo (Brazzaville) when the Congo leader arrived for a five-day visit to Accra. Since the assassination attempt on him in January of this year, President Nkrumah has made very few public appearances in Ghana

Left: The *Geestbay*, a new fast banana boat belonging to Geest Industries Ltd., takes the water after she had been launched by Mrs John van Geest, wife of one of the directors, in the yard of the Netherlands Dock and Shipbuilding Company at Amsterdam. The new vessel will carry 200,000 stems of bananas from the Windward Islands on each voyage, and she is fitted with a new anti-rolling device which will avoid any bruising of the fruit. She will have a British crew of 48 with accommodation for 12 passengers. The *Geestbay* is of 8,000 tons gross with a speed of 21 knots

Above: "Belshazzar's Feast," an early painting by Rembrandt, has been bought by the National Gallery for £170,000. The painting, formerly owned by Lord Derby, is valued at £375,000.

SINO—SOVIET STRIPTEASE

224 The great Sino-Soviet striptease act is now nearing its climax. If the seventh veil has not yet dropped, it is at last possible to discern the real outlines of the figure behind all the ideological trappings. The dispute stands revealed as essentially a clash between two great Asiatic empires.

This emerges clearly from a Soviet Government message to the Afro-Asian governments which has attracted less attention than it deserves. For many months now Pekin has been trying to promote a conference on the model of the Bandung Afro-Asian Conference of 1955—a gathering which would exclude the Soviet Union as being simply a European power. The Soviet circular is aimed at preventing the Afro-Asian governments from falling in with this Chinese plan; in effect it tells the uncommitted nations that they must choose between Moscow and Pekin. It points out that the Soviet Union is a great Asian power, in area the greatest, and the greatest too in terms of physical power. It does not, of course, point out that the Asian population of this area is comparatively small, while the European population is comparatively large and growing rapidly, nor that this is the only large Asian territory which is still ruled from a European capital.

This, then, is clearly dangerous ground for Moscow to venture on. For the Chinese can point to the means by which the Czarist Empire was extended over Asia and to the unequal treaties by which the Sino-Soviet frontier was fixed in Czarist times. There have already been rumblings from Pekin about this and there will be more now that Moscow has met the Chinese challenge.

However it is dangerous ground for the Chinese, too. The Soviet declaration, not content with accusing the Chinese of racialism on the Nazi model in setting the Afro-Asians against the Europeans, also charges them with following in the footsteps of the Roman Caesars and the old Chinese Emperors. These are charges that can easily be supported by pointing to Pekin's seizure of Tibet and Sinkiang. Already there are tens of thousands of refugees from Sinkiang in the Soviet Union —one of the very rare instances of refugees fleeing from one Communist country to another; usually they prefer to escape from Communism altogether, but geography robs the people of Sinkiang of any such possibility. The Chinese accuse the Soviets of subversive activities in Sinkiang and the Soviet Union can reply with charges of national oppression.

Clearly enough, it is an argument in which both sides can do each other a lot of damage. That they should have embarked upon it at all shows the importance they attach to extending their influence with the Afro-Asian nations. But what can they hope to gain from this competitive wooing? The answer would seem on the face of it to be: not very much. Most of the countries concerned have managed to remain uncommitted in the Cold War between the Soviet bloc and the Western powers, and they are certainly not likely to want to commit in a quarrel between two Communist powers which they feel to be no business of theirs.

In the general argument most of them probably favour the Soviet side. Khrushchev's views on war and peace and peaceful coexistence are more to their taste than Mao Tse-tung's; and in order to reassure the newly independent nations Khrushchev has been assuring them that his brand of revolution is not for export. Responsible governments may well prefer such doctrines to the more militant Chinese line of revolutionary violence and anti-colonialist risings which is better calculated to appeal to revolutionary hotheads and extremist nationalists.

Furthermore, some of the uncommitted countries are in receipt of both military aid and commercial loans and credits from the Soviet Union. That is true of Egypt, where Mr Khrushchev is now visiting President Nasser. The Aswan Dam is being built on the basis of Soviet credits with the help of Soviet technicians; and President Nasser depends on Soviet arms to extend his influence in the Arab world. Cairo is the seat of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Council which used to be one of the chief means of spreading Soviet influence in Africa until it became an arena for the struggle with China. So Mr Khrushchev has powerful arguments to use in Cairo. India, too, because of her border dispute with China, naturally inclines towards the Soviet Union. Indonesia, with a massive Communist Party toeing the Chinese line, yet depending on Soviet arms to maintain its inflated armed forces, is in a more difficult position. But whether the Soviet Union would be able to fulfil its implied threat to withdraw aid from those who do not toe the line is doubtful, since this would incur charges of neo-colonialism and attaching political strings to aid.

The inclination of the Afro-Asian countries will be determined more by national interest than by any ideological considerations. But their main aim will be not to commit themselves in a quarrel which does not concern them, but which does threaten the cause of Afro-Asian solidarity which they value. The

Above: The May Day Parade in Pekin. The parade in Tien-an-Men Square is a holiday celebration as well as a full-scale military occasion **Left:** A portrait of the Chinese leader, Mao Tse-tung, being carried in the May Day celebrations in Tirana, Albania—China's ally in Europe. There were no pictures of Mr Khrushchev on display **Far left:** A relaxed moment in Pekin's May Day celebrations as Liu Shao-chi, President of China, on the left of the centre group, and the Prime Minister, Chou En-lai, second from right of the centre group, stroll through a street in their capital. "City without Traffic"—other pictures of Pekin, pages 236-239

Soviet Government is bending all its energies to this Asiatic battle. Moscow Radio has stepped up its broadcasting to China by 3½ hours a day; and it has increased its broadcasts to Mongolia, Korea, South-East Asia, India and Nepal.

There have been corresponding reductions in Soviet broadcasts to North America and Europe, with one exception. Moscow has increased its broadcasts to Rumania. The exception is significant because of the distinctive and remarkable position which Bucharest has taken up in the Sino-Soviet dispute. The Rumanian Communists have made it clear that although they agree with the Soviet arguments in the main, they do not accept Soviet tactics. They will have no part of a world Communist conference designed to expel the Chinese Communists; they will not agree to the imposition of any general line on the Communist movement; they insist that each national party must be allowed to determine its own line. They vehemently reject any joint plan or joint planning body for Comecon, the Communist international economic organisation. In the Sino-Soviet dispute the Rumanians continue forlornly to demand an end to polemics and quiet consultations between the Communist parties to settle their differences. This, coming from a party which up to three years ago had faithfully followed every twist and turn of Soviet policy, must be the most unkindest cut of all for Mr Khrushchev. It is all the more bitter because other Communist parties such as the Yugoslavs and Italians and even the Poles and Hungarians are showing a similarly non-commital attitude.

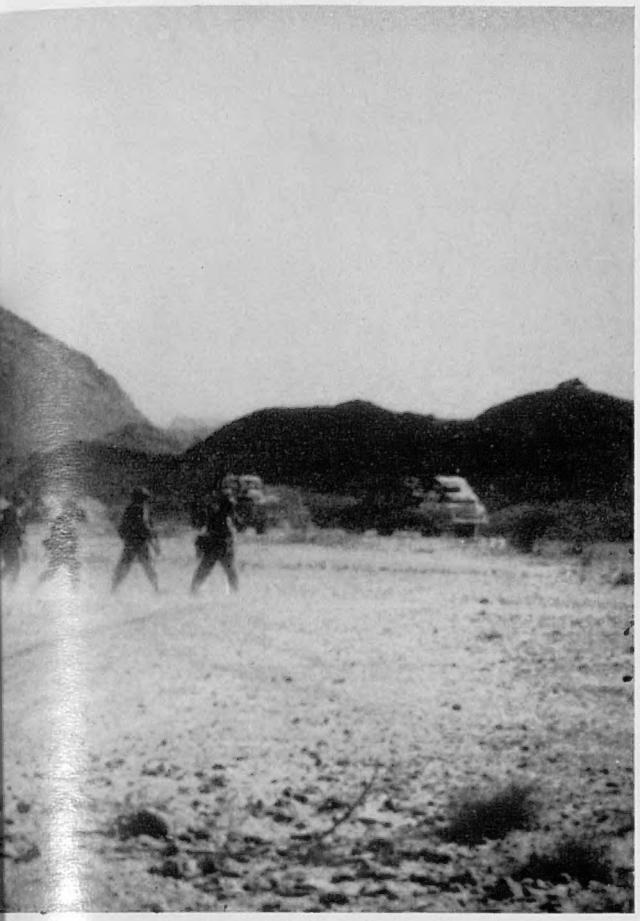
However, Moscow shows no signs of following these counsels of moderation. The Sino-Soviet polemics are becoming increasingly bitter and personal on both sides. The Chinese were excluded from the Moscow May Day celebrations and the Russians refused to take part in the Pekin festivities, a display of strife at this feast of Communist solidarity of which a number of other Communist parties disapproved. Evidently after long forbearance and under strong Chinese provocation Mr Khrushchev's patience is exhausted. He is calling on both the Communist parties and the uncommitted Afro-Asian countries to stand up and be counted, to declare themselves for Moscow. Many of them are refusing to do so. The world Communist movement is dividing into a complex pattern between the poles of Moscow and Pekin. The Chinese have the support of the North Koreans, North Vietnamese, Japanese and Indonesian parties. Cuba remains uncommitted. Rival pro-Chinese parties have been set up in Belgium, Switzerland, Ceylon, Australia, Brazil and Peru; and there are small dissident groups in many other countries.

As one ideological pretence after another is stripped away nothing remains but the clash of national and sectional interests; and, in the present state of passion in Moscow and Pekin, there is no saying how the striptease act is going to end.

Maurice Latey

TRAVEL AND TURMOIL

Above: Mr Khrushchev and President Nasser talk on the way to Cairo **Right:** The ticker-tape welcome for Mr Khrushchev



Left: Royal Marines of No. 45 Commando advance in the Radfan area in the South Arabian Federation

Above: A welcome in Bagdad for Field-Marshal Amer (standing in centre of car), Vice-President of the UAR

Mr Khrushchev's arrival in Egypt—his first visit to a country in Africa—coincided with increasing turmoil in the Middle East. Predictably, the Soviet Prime Minister took up President Nasser's " get Britain out of Aden " call and went further, demanding that Britain quit the bases in Cyprus and Libya as well. A few days before Mr Khrushchev reached Cairo, President Nasser's Vice-President, Marshal Amer, had been in Bagdad, presumably seeking support for Nasser's policies. In Aden early this week Mr Duncan Sandys arrived to review the combined British-South Arabian Federation operations on the Yemeni border. He was also presumably inquiring into the reports of British soldiers being beheaded by Yemenis. The Middle East, especially RAF bombing of Yemen, continued to agitate politics in Britain. And the passions of Suez were resurrected by Parliamentary questions to Mr Selwyn Lloyd regarding some remarks attributed to the author of a new book on the intervention.

HOLY DAY IN BRUGES

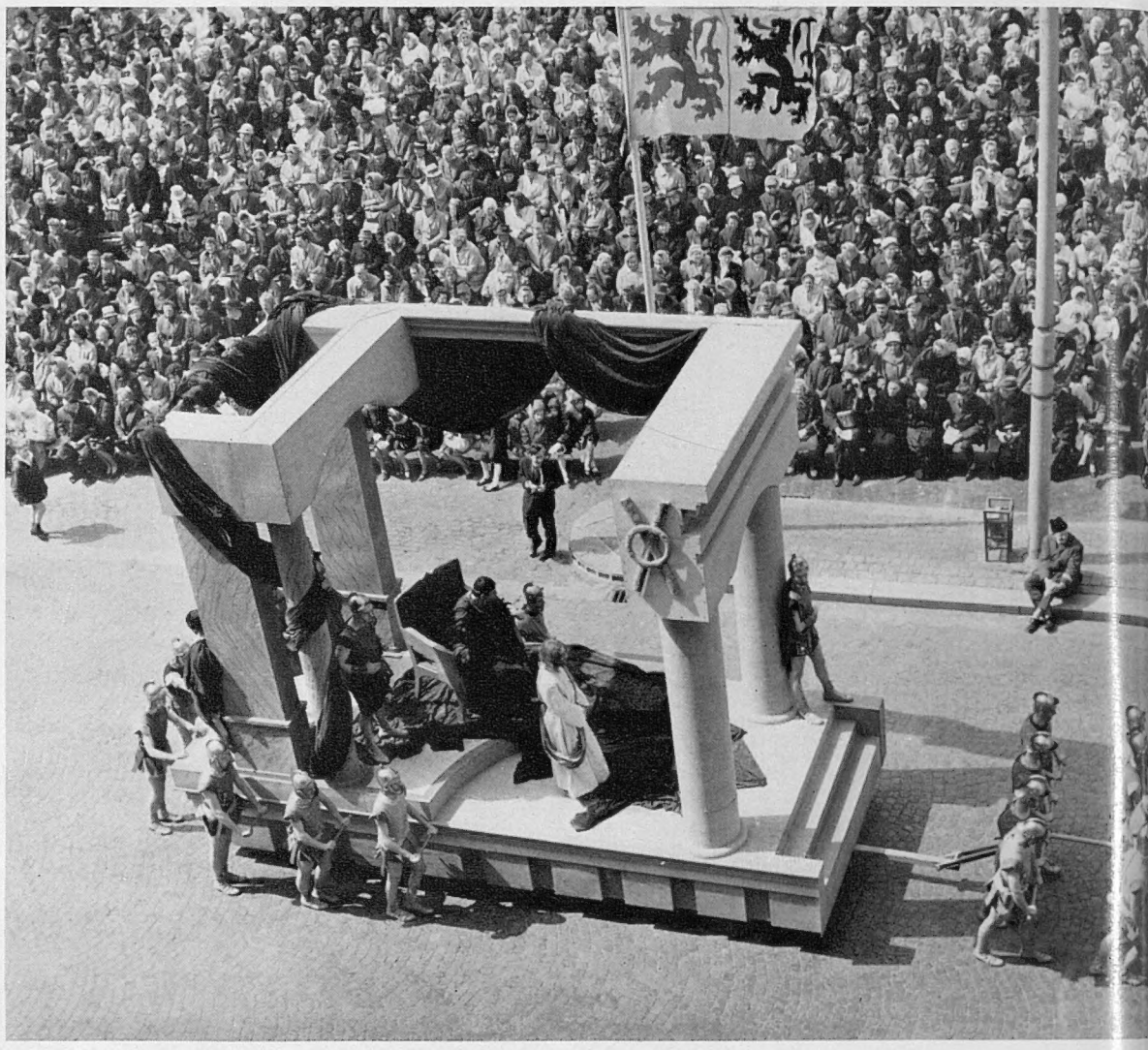
Photographs by Gerry Brenes

228 One day in the year of great significance to the people of the Belgian city of Bruges is the first Monday following May 2—the day of the Procession of the Holy Blood. The procession is one of the oldest medieval religious survivals in Europe. Essentially it commemorates the return of one Thierry d'Alsace from the 2nd Crusade in 1150 with a gift to Bruges of the Relic of the Holy Blood.

Every year some 1,500 men, women and children of Bruges take part in the Holy Blood Procession, enacting the role of crusader, Roman soldier, rabbi, disciple, mourner, or one of the little children blessed by Christ. Christ himself is depicted in many of the tableaux, the part always being played by a monk. It has become a family tradition to participate in the procession. Children, who were first carried through the streets of Bruges in their mothers' arms, have grown up to take part in the procession each year.

At 9 a.m. on the day, the celebrations begin when the precious Relic is taken, in its 17th-century gold casket, from the Chapel of the Holy Blood on the Burg to the Cathedral where Pontifical High Mass is sung.

The procession is divided into three distinct parts. First, scenes from the Old Testament; secondly, Christ's life from the New Testament; and, thirdly, the pageant of the entry of Thierry d'Alsace into Bruges with the precious Relic brought from the Holy Land. The ceremony ends with the Blessing in front of the Chapel of the Holy Blood. After the Relic has been returned to its shrine pilgrims may enter the Chapel.



Above: As the Sacred Relic of the Holy Blood is carried past in procession the people of Bruges kneel in the streets
Top right: This tableau in the procession represents Christ before Pilate
Right: The tableau of the Spotless Virgin. The Procession of the Holy Blood takes 1½ hours to pass any one point along its route
Far right: Flag-wavers show their skill in the last part of the procession on its way back to the Chapel

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

230 **Probing promiscuity**

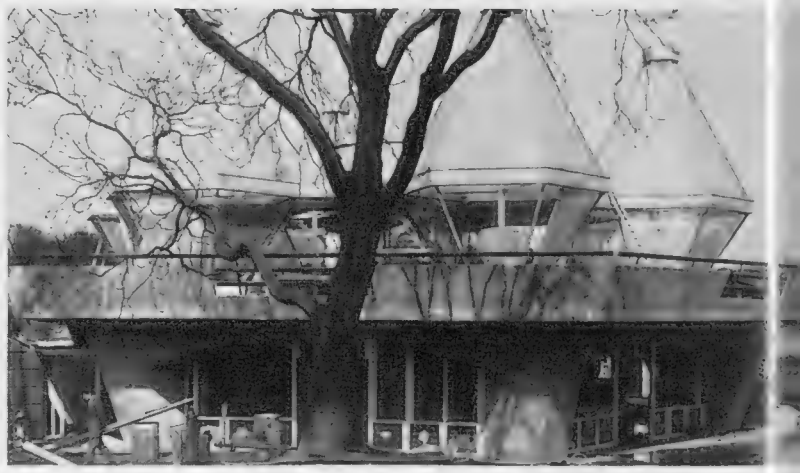
Lucidity of argument and positive practical remedies are not the keynotes when the fashionable subject of youthful delinquency is ventilated, as it is, somewhere or other, most days of the week. These symposia are usually remarkable for massive, sweeping generalisations and fearful bromides. But it is something to find from all these debates and conferences a measure of agreement that statistical evidence has established that the young are today more promiscuous than their parents were—the increase in bastardy, abortion and VD is convincing. It is also generally agreed that the high wages which juveniles enjoy encourage undesirable practices. These items (so far) compose the sum of common agreement yet attained. The chief causes of this regrettable state of things are by no means agreed. Fear of destruction by the A-bomb recently stood high in the list, but is receding. The failure of parents and schoolteachers to give " sensible " sex education, the break-up of family life when married women go out to work, the wane of religious influence and the shameful exploitation for commercial profit of erotic instincts are all adduced as causes—and for my part I would put the last as winning by 20 lengths.

Blame the old

Mr Brooke, who (even his detractors admit) is a very painstaking Home Secretary, had a word to say in defence of juvenile offenders and (I was flattered to read) used the same argument as I recently used: " For every one who ran amuck at Clacton, probably a thousand spent their Easter holidays sensibly and healthily." True enough. Still, a rotten minority needs to be considered, and there is little agreement about remedies. Some theorists, on the aspect of declining moral standards, think that the " stork and gooseberry bush " euphemisms did a lot of harm, while others think it a waste of time to preach chastity and far more practical to improve contraceptives and VD cures and preventatives. So, with this wide gulf between rival theories, pundits and delegates usually unite vaguely to condemn the " older generation " for all forms of juvenile delinquency. These old wretches are " largely to blame." They " created a society with its property rackets, its business tycoons on extravagant expense accounts, its irresponsible strikes and go-slow tactics. . . ." As a result, small wonder that the rising generation became promiscuous and criminal! In fairness to the " old wretches," one must admit that they haven't snatched much of a dividend for themselves out of their deliberate villainy. In fairness to Britain, juvenile delinquency is just as rife in all other " civilised " nations, and everywhere at present is a minority movement. So Mr Brooke's " Stop running young people down" is sound advice, which Mr Marples might pass on to motorists.

Fifty Albemarle Street

I rejoiced to read that the Historic Buildings Committee has included No. 50 Albemarle Street in its latest recommendations for grants in aid of repairs, and that Mr Rippon has accepted it. This famous house, headquarters of the publishing house of John Murray, has long been in need of repair and has been at work on vital repairs for some time, a necessity both expensive and inconvenient for a busy firm. The old house has many features worth preservation beside the famous front room on the first floor which contains Byron's portrait above the fireplace in which his memoirs were *not* (I think) burned when returned by Murray to Moore in May, 1824; his pugilist screen and many other of his famous relics. Here it was in April, 1815, that Byron and Scott first met in the presence of Canning, Croker, Isaac d'Israeli, John Murray and two others. The famous literary figures who have sat and talked in that room generation after generation since the end of the 18th century would, if reassembled, find standing room only; such names as Benjamin Disraeli, Lockhart, Napier and Moore down to Axel Münthe and Freya Stark. And lesser lights in scores who perhaps brought to the house no best sellers, like Byron's works, the guidebooks or *San Michele*, but yet brought a little grist to the mill. *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebiturillis ?* Be that as it may, eight or nine books of mine received their OKs in that famous room and I can gratefully and sincerely pray: " Long may the fortunes and foundations of the house, its memories and its contents, stand."



Above: This watercolour by an unknown artist shows the first meeting of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron in 1815, in the drawing room of Sir John Murray in Albemarle Street. From left: Isaac d'Israeli, father of Benjamin Disraeli, John Murray, the publisher, Sir John Barrow, administrator and author, George Canning, statesman, William Gifford, writer and satirist, J. W. Croker, politician and writer, Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. A portrait of Lord Byron by Thomas Phillips hangs over the fireplace. The watercolour and the Byron portrait are still owned by the Murray family and hang in 50 Albemarle St. **Right:** A new cafe in Hyde Park in London nears completion. It should be open in time for Whitsun

" Going in to dinner "

In the Kingdom of Heaven, we are led to believe, the " Table of Precedence " is drawn up on different principles to those set out in that enthralling publication *Debrett's Peerage*. It is a thousand pities that such fairy-light reading should be so heavy to hold. It must be read at a desk, it can never be bedside reading, though often as thrilling as *The Moonstone*. In this new edition, the erudite editor flings a bombshell or two. A peer who disclaims his peerage is for ever driven from the peerage Garden of Eden. He cannot even sneak back as an Honourable. If he becomes Premier, he can never reap a Premier's reward as an Earl of first creation. He is down and out. Another bombshell—or squib—is thrown when the editor admits that the Table of Precedence (whether or no it remains unaltered in the Kingdom of Heaven as a result of the " new morality ") is no longer realistic in the Kingdom of Britain. It is full of anomalies. A place is found for the younger son of a baronet after the holder of an M.B.E., but the Presidents of the Societies of Art, the Royal Society, and so on, must straggle in to dinner with the mob

Above: Some of the 600 children who took part in the Annual Country Dance Festival at Coram's Field, an LCC play centre in London

Centre left: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Lady Brunner, Chairman of the Keep Britain Tidy Group, tours the "Mess-Age" Exhibition at the Ceylon Tea Centre, Regent Street, London. On show at the exhibition are examples and photographs of litter found around Britain

Left: Dr Richard Beeching, Chairman of British Railways, drives a 7-ton capacity tug after he had opened the recent Mechanical Handling Exhibition at Earls Court, London

and feed on the crumbs below the salt. A V.C., though *literally* above a K.G., has no position in the " table " or at the table. Prince Richard and Prince Michael must yield place to the most junior Earl, a deplorable state of things! I am relieved to find that, still as of old, an inconspicuous place is found for that remote cadet of nobility, " the younger son of the eldest son of the younger son of a peer." It is far down the queue, of course, but still offers a crumb of hope to the hungry. The trouble with that category is that their old tailcoats have grown moth-eaten from enforced neglect. They are so seldom asked to formal dinners. Most of the year they must prepare and wash up their dinners, dress according, and sit down without privilege of rank.

Heir apparent, or presumptive?

There is every excuse for a man destined to assume an important new post trying to find out all he can about it in advance and getting to know the chief men with whom his responsibilities will bring him in close association. But such sensible preparations can be embarrassing in politics if too openly and confidently carried out. It was judged to be mere *personal* vanity which led an heir apparent to try on the crown of England at his royal father's sick bed. Mr Wilson is perhaps getting to work too obviously and too confidently. He should go about his sensible preparations under a *nom de guerre* and false whiskers. He should travel as " Mr Hope " in dundrearies and a plastic nose, when he visits the statesmen who will perhaps be his opposite numbers at the end of October, and leave his pipe at home. For nothing is certain in human life or British politics. Sick kings have been known to make sudden recoveries. Even George III diddled his heir when the going looked good for Florizel and the Whigs. Our next Premier (whoever he may be) is undoubtedly well advised to learn all he can of his job. Many of our Premiers have come to power lacking such specialised preparation. If they had attained to the status of a " world figure," they had built up that image gradually in lesser posts. Some say that Mr Wilson is trying to become a "world figure," and undoubtedly it would be much more difficult to attain that image in whiskers and a false nose. It's a dilemma for Mr Wilson. An heir apparent earns praise for his zeal, but an heir presumptive risks a charge of presumption.

No room in the ark

If the innumerable grades of coal supplied do not water down the tempting rebate, the very handsome reduction offered to coal-burners from May to the end of November is a strong inducement to stockpile, since on December 1 a ton of coal will cost 7s 6d more, superimposed on last winter's hideous cost. I can imagine that every prudent occupant of a council house would strain his resources, beg and borrow, to store enough coal to last him till next spring, to benefit by the rebate and avoid the increase. But how many can find the physical means to do that, if they can manage the financial means? The local authorities frown on outbuildings. One small shed is regarded as adequate for all such purposes as bicycle, wood, boot, oil, bottle and oddment storage, and its size does not, believe me, leave much room for storing three tons of coal. So it follows that the invitation to the prudent is likely to tantalise, and a great opportunity offered by the NCB be made of no effect by the regulations of the local authority. It is one among many instances of common sense and prudence being defeated by rules and regulations, not all of which can be condemned as petty tyranny, since council houses and other residential estates must be kept tidy. Those who possess garages will no doubt balance the advantages of a switch of tenancy. But the bath should not be considered. *The Old Stager*

LOVE, MURDER AND SUSPENSE

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES

Kate Brady, played by Rita Tushingham, is a sensitive convent girl who arrives in Dublin from the Irish countryside. In *Girl With Green Eyes*, Kate meets a writer, Eugene Gaillard (Peter Finch), who is twice her age. By the time she discovers, through a chance encounter with Malachi Sullivan (Julian Glover), a Dublin journalist, that Eugene is married though separated from his wife, Kate is deeply involved. The film concerns their love story and the opposition of Kate's family to the relationship. The film, released by United Artists, is showing at the Leicester Square Theatre from May 14.

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Eleven witnesses see American Lieut. Winston murder a British soldier in cold blood. A trial is arranged to convict him and have him hanged, but the defence officer is convinced that Winston is insane and unfit to plead. This is the problem in *Man In the Middle*, a British film released through Twentieth Century-Fox, which opens at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on May 28. In the court scene at the top are from left: Trevor Howard as Major Kensington, a British medical officer; Robert Mitchum for the defence; and Lieut. Winston played by Keenan Wynn, the accused. And above: Wynn and Mitchum in a cell.

NIGHT MUST FALL

Night Must Fall, an M-G-M presentation which opens at the Empire, Leicester Square, on May 21, begins with a murder. Albert Finney, who plays Danny, a madman, murders a woman, conceals the body and the weapon, and then continues his journey to a country house where three women are waiting for him. One of the women, Dora, the maid (Sheila Hancock), is his lover, and another, the daughter of the house (Susan Hampshire), becomes infatuated with him. The older woman, Mrs Bramson (Mona Washbourne), readily falls for Danny's boyish charm (they are pictured together above).

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

234 **MALTA**

The narrow margin in favour

In the three-day referendum last week on the proposed Maltese Independence Constitution, Dr Borg Olivier's Nationalist Government gained 67,714 votes against 54,919. There were a large number of invalid votes—9,016 in all. Abstentions were calculated at 33,000. Members of two opposition parties led by Miss Strickland and Mr Pellegrini were advised to abstain, but Mr Dom Mintoff's Labour Party—the major opposition party—were told to vote " No." Labour was not prepared to accept a constitution for independence for Malta which, it maintained, would continue the traditional powers of the Church in the island's politics.

In the British House of Commons on April 28 Mr Duncan Sandys said in reply to a question from the Labour Member of Parliament for Middlesbrough West, Mr Bottomley, " that in the event of a decisive affirmative vote in the forthcoming referendum in Malta, the British Government will proceed at once with the grant of independence under a constitution on the lines framed by the Malta Government. . . ." Immediately after the referendum it remained to be seen whether Mr Sandys regarded an affirmative vote of 50·7 per cent. of the votes cast as decisive. In that event Malta should become independent by May 31. *Sylvie Nickels writes on " The Honoured Island " on pages 242-243.*

Right: In Maltese sunshine, two British observers of the Referendum mix with the crowd in Valletta. On the right, Sir Richard Ramage; on the left, Mr Elwyn Jones, MP
Far right: Dr and Mrs Borg Olivier leave a polling booth in Valletta, watched by women waiting to vote
Below: In the doorway of a polling booth are Archbishop Gonzi, of Malta (left) with his chaplain, Father Dimech. The position of the Roman Catholic Church in Malta and its special privileges are one of the most contentious problems in the island

Above: Dr Kenneth Kaunda, Prime Minister of Northern Rhodesia, and leader of the government delegation to the constitutional conference in London at which Northern Rhodesia's independence was discussed

Above left: Mr Harry Nkumbula, leader of the opposition party in Northern Rhodesia, the African National Congress. He disagrees with parts of the proposed constitution

Left: Also attending the conference, Mr H. J. Roberts, leader of the National Progress Party, which is mainly composed of Europeans

Far Left: The opening session of the conference at Marlborough House, London. Dr Kaunda asked for independence day to be on October 24

BASUTOLAND

A rush to be free

The constitutional conference on Basutoland which began on April 20 was still under way at the beginning of last week after some difficult sessions. The talks at the Colonial Office came perilously near to breakdown before Mr Duncan Sandys, the Secretary of State for the Commonwealth and Colonies, accepted the main contentions of the Basuto delegation.

The delegation called for independence to come automatically one year after the date of the first elections to be held under the new constitution. This constitution would give Basutoland, renamed Lesotho, a large measure of self-government. The paramount chief, Motlotlehi Moshoeshoe II, would be Head of State, officiating as a constitutional monarch with a democratic legislature and senate of chiefs and notables. Britain would cease to have ultimate sovereignty, but during the interim period before the country became fully independent would have "concurrent powers" in matters of defence, foreign affairs, internal security and finance.

It was because these proposals have no precedent in the normal evolution of British colonies towards independence that progress in the London talks was impeded for a time. The British Government held that responsibilities in Basutoland could only be carried by Britain "providing sufficient powers were retained to enable the Government to discharge them satisfactorily." In stressing this view, there was some feeling in the Basuto delegation that Britain was not prepared to concede power in good faith, and it was at this point that the talks foundered.

Above: Members of the Basuto delegation at the Basutoland Constitutional Conference meeting in London, from left: Chief S. S. Matete; Mr. E. Leanya; Chief K. Nkuebe; Chief Reentseng Lerotholi; the Paramount Chief of Basutoland; and Mr J. T. Mapetla

Below: Mr Duncan Sandys, Secretary of State for the Colonies, greets Mr C. T. L. Chakela, a delegate to the conference, at the Colonial Office

Basutoland's position as an enclave in South African territory makes the country almost entirely dependent on the Republic. Should Basutoland ever come to be used as a base for hostilities against South Africa, the Republic would find it easy to retaliate. An independent Basutoland would have to restrain its anti-apartheid elements and South Africa would have to prove itself a good neighbour. Early in the talks it was reported that a Basuto delegate had suggested that Basuto Ministers should hold discussions with South Africa in the presence of a British Commissioner.

CITY WITHOUT TRAFFIC

Photographs by Nicholas Wollaston

From a first look at these pictures of Pekin everyday life in the capital of China looks much the same as in any other oriental city. But to the discerning there is at least one apparent difference—there are almost no private cars in the city.

The limits of Pekin have been greatly expanded since the Communists took over in 1948, and the city now stretches to the Great Wall, 35 miles from the centre. It covers an area of some 3,400 square miles and has an estimated population of $5\frac{1}{2}$ million. The Chinese style of town planning remains—a city within a city. At the heart of Pekin is the Forbidden City, the violet-coloured mortar of which gave rise to the popular name of the Purple City. Today the Forbidden City is no longer forbidden and is a vast museum filled with art treasures of Chinese culture which is many thousands of years old.

Above: The *People's Daily* and other journals are posted up each day in the streets of Pekin to encourage everyone to read them

Above right: Inside the "Forbidden City," which is the innermost of Pekin's system of cities within a city. Today, the former Palace of the Emperors is a vast museum

Right: Once the gateway to the Imperial City, the Gate of Heavenly Peace now serves as a reviewing stand for the Communist leaders at parades. The painted slogans in Chinese say: "Long Live the People's Republic of China" and "Long Live the Unity of the Peoples of the World"

Far right: A narrow street in central Pekin

向乐
电影院

CITY WITHOUT TRAFFIC *continued from page 237*

Below: With dragon heads at both ends, a ferryboat takes trippers across one of the lakes in the former Summer Palace of the Manchu Emperors, now a boating and bathing centre, a few miles north of Pekin

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

KNOTS IN MAY

240 "Here we come gathering nuts in May." When I was young we played that game on wet afternoons and we sang that song as we did so. And, though we were quite serious about it and took care to form the patterns of the dance correctly, I am sure that we thought it good fun. But then, of course, there were nurseries and nannies, and no television. Our pleasures were home-made and all the more pleasurable for being so. Now there are no nurseries—and the old-fashioned nanny is extinct. And with her passing, the ancient dance is dying out, if it is not already dead. For one eight-year-old, to whom I mentioned it recently, had never even heard of it. Moreover, after giving the matter a moment's consideration, she remarked witheringly that you couldn't pick nuts in May anyway, so the whole thing was "silly." We were not so concerned with accuracy in my young day. But that young miss and her crushing comment has made me think about the old nursery rhyme and the strangeness of it all.

Today, though such ceremonies become fewer year by year, we continue to welcome summer with maypoles and garlands, with the crowning of May Queens, and here and there with distorted, emasculated versions of old customs, but no longer do we understand the meaning of what we do. That old nursery rhyme, that old dance, is an extremely good example of how time can burr the edges of tradition.

Old it certainly is: very, very old. A clue as to how old is to be found in "come to fetch her away on a cold and frosty morning." The "her" is surely the spring maiden in the clutches of winter: the Greek Persephone who must escape from Pluto, God of the Underworld, before spring can be started, that same maiden who in Scandinavian mythology must be rescued from the Ice Giant before she can marry Frey, the Summer God of Fertility, that same maiden who is our May Queen. Originally, this was no nursery game, but a ceremony of the "old religion," a fertility rite, a dance performed by adults with serious purpose in view, a purpose which might be frowned upon today.

But I think that, in the nursery rhyme, we have the muddled memory of at least two ancient ceremonies. The "nuts in May" should, of course, be "knots in May"; the "knots" being small bunches of flowers, perhaps even "knots of may," for, before the change in the calendar, May Day was May 12, and in a good year the hawthorn would be in bloom. These small bunches of flowers had no place in the dance that symbolised the rescue of the spring maiden from the clutches of winter. They belonged, originally, to another ceremony, which took place on May Day Eve and which survived, though in sadly distorted form, until about the middle of the last century in the procession of the May Birchers. The May Birchers, young men of the community, would visit houses in the town or village and decorate the doors with leafy boughs or bunches of flowers. The boughs were placed at the doors of respected citizens and there was a song that went with this ceremony:

The scene in an English orchard during the procession at Rogationtide when prayers are offered for a good harvest. Rogationtide usually falls in May, the traditional month for the maypole and May Queen

So now we're going to leave you in peace
and plenty here,
For summer springs so fresh and green
and gay.
We'll come no more a-Maysinging until
another year
For to drive the cold winter away.

The flowers were placed at the doors of houses in which virgins of marriageable age (presumably only the pretty ones) lived and these girls, having thus received a broad hint that they were in the running for selection as May Queen, would go out on the following morning and wash their faces in the dew, for this was considered to be a certain way of enhancing beauty.

In those days May Birching was altogether a most pleasant custom. It ended as a most unpleasant one. For, as the meaning of May Day became less and less understood, the May Birchers took to decorating the doors of houses in such a manner as to indicate beyond all doubt what they thought of the occupants. Mostly, what they thought of the occupants was uncomplimentary. Nettles and thorns adorned the doors of the unpopular and a sprig of gorse in bloom indicated clearly the home of a lady of easy virtue. Many a reputation was totally destroyed, without justification, in this way and the May Birchers came to be feared. Indeed, the thing developed into what nowadays would be called a "racket": there are indications that money was demanded by the May Birchers "or else." Outraged public opinion finally killed the custom.

The change in the May Birching custom began shortly after the change in the calendar. There had, of course, been many attacks on the ancient May Day customs long before that. The puritans, in particular, had recognised many of these customs for the fertility rites that they actually were—there is no more phallic symbol than the maypole—and had endeavoured to put them down wherever they could. Even so, simply because these rites were rooted in the deepest and most primitive instinct of mankind, many of them survived the harsh penalties imposed by the Puritan Acts of Parliament and had a very considerable revival under the later Stuarts. They could not survive, in anything like their original form, the change in the calendar. Those 11 days—in which there is, normally, a dramatic change in the English climate—proved fatal.

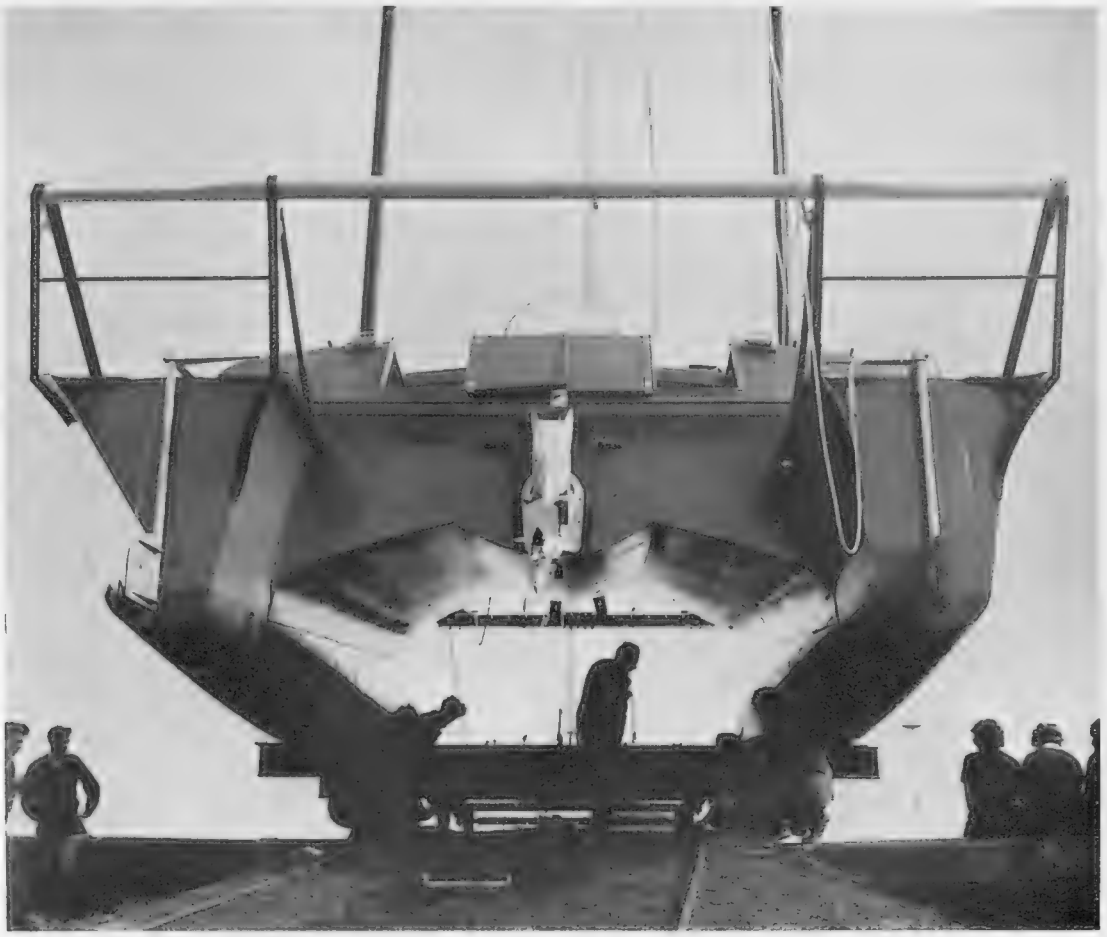
But the really odd thing about all this is that May Day (the old May Day), the great fertility festival, heralded the unlucky month. At midnight on the last day of April men would go through the villages and the towns (and they still do at Padstow) singing:

Unite, unite and let us all unite,
For summer is a-coming today,
And whither we are going we will all unite,
In the merry month of May.

And, indeed, everything possible was done to see to it that the sexes did unite. And yet it was generally considered unlucky to be married in May—statistics show that it is still a most unpopular month for marriages in country districts—the "merry month" was the unlucky month. I wonder why?

GABOR DENES

YACHTING



Above: The 40 ft. catamaran *Rehu Moana*
Right: Chichester adjusts his self-steering
Below: The remarkable-looking *Jester*
Below right: Hasler in *Jester's* control turret

Two unusual long-distance sailing races will start from Plymouth during the same week-end. On May 23 is the start of the 1964 Singlehanded Transatlantic Race, which finishes in New York. This is only the second time this race is being held, but if the number of entries is any indication, it has gained much in importance and interest since 1960, when it was sailed for the first time. There were five competitors taking part on that occasion. Francis Chichester, who won the race in 40 days, only to improve his time to 33 days when he again crossed alone in 1962, Col. " Blondie " Hasler, already a popular hero on a different score, who came second (48 days), and Dr David Lewis, who had to return with a broken mast for repairs soon after the start and finished third in spite of this, became famous on both sides of the Atlantic. So did Val Howells, who had to put into Bermuda to replace his lost chronometer, and the Frenchman Jean Lacombe, who sailed the smallest boat in the race, having started five days after the others and taking 69 days for the crossing.

All of these are entered for this year's race, and they will be joined by another ten adventurous yachtsmen, making 15 entries in all. Francis Chichester is the only competitor sailing the same boat as the last time, *Gipsy Moth III*; David Lewis now has a 40 ft. catamaran, *Rehu Moana*, built last year and tried out on a not very successful expedition to Greenland. Of the new entries Californian A. Piver's craft is of special interest; she is the 38 ft. trimaran *Bird*, one of a number of successful trimarans designed by him.

The hazards of such a race are numerous. Gales, fog, icebergs are the main ones. Competitors must be prepared to take a gamble in their choice of course between start and finish. The shortest is the Great Circle route; this was chosen by Chichester and Lewis in the 1960 race, but this does not mean that it is always the fastest. There are too many variables, and headwinds or fog can make the shortest route the slowest. The most comfortable course, when not racing, is the old " trade-wind " route, which goes far to the south; the distance is about 5,400 miles as against the 3,000 of the Great Circle. Another old sailing ship route diverges from the Great Circle to the north; this might be used at this time of the year with a reasonable chance of easterly winds. Endurance, seamanship and a lucky choice of route are all factors in this unique and exciting race.

The next day, Sunday, May 24, will see the start of the first part of the Sail Training Association's 1964 race, which has become known as the Tall Ships Race. It is divided into two parts—Plymouth to Lisbon and Lisbon to Bermuda.

The two French topsail schooners, *L'Etoile* and *La Belle Poule*, are the largest vessels starting from Plymouth; there are also six fore and aft rigged vessels over 50 tons and 11 smaller ones in the race. The latter include the well-known British ocean racers *Bloodhound, Lutine, Gladeye, Merlin* and *Capella*.

THE HONOURED ISLAND

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

Before I went to Malta, that honoured G.C. Island, I was puzzled how such a large number of places appeared to be packed within its 17 miles by nine. A partial explanation proved quite simple: several of them—Floriana, Sliema, St. Julians and St. George's Bay on one side, and Senglea, Cospicua and Vittoriosa on the other, are all adjuncts of Valletta. There they rise, lining the deep bays and creeks which mostly look towards Valletta, itself stacked up on the steep peninsula separating the Grand and Marsamxett Harbours. This beautiful jigsaw-puzzle of a city waterfront, in tones of beige and yellow stone, glows wonderfully at sunset. It is said to present a marvellous approach from the sea, but it is a very fine sight, too, from a BEA Comet as you come in to land four hours after leaving London.

Malta is a peculiar, oddly endearing place. It has no rivers and few enough trees, yet there is no lack of character in the countryside, drawn from the stone walls geometrically slicing the land, the fields of clover which must be a picture in the spring, and the constant proximity of the sea. Full of homely, familiar details in its road and shop signs, its currency, its round, red postboxes, it is yet so foreign that it seems all wrong to be driving on the left-hand side of the road. It has the oddest of languages, so odd that the Maltese can bargain in the bazaars of North Africa on their own terms. (Perhaps someone can confirm my conclusion that it is the only language of Semitic origin to be written exclusively in the Roman alphabet.)

Everywhere there are signs of the influences which have come from the four points of the compass. A large Italian vocabulary has been absorbed into the language. The black, billowing *faldetta* worn by increasingly few and mostly elderly women must surely have Moorish origins, but the dark dress of the village women as they sit on their doorsteps in the sun, working their lace with incredibly nimble fingers, is the traditional uniform of country women all over the Mediterranean. The *dghajsa* taxi-boats and larger *luzzu* fishing-boats are of Phoenician origin; the countless local festivals, each honouring one of the countless local saints, are naturally Roman Catholic, though I suspect the Maltese passion for fireworks (considerable fortunes explode into the sky every year) has something other than Christian origins. Architecturally, prehistoric man, Rome, the Moors, a variety of feudal overlords, and British Victoriana have all left their mark. But it is the imprint left by the Crusaders which leaves the most massive memory.

The Grand Order of the Knights of St. John made its dignified exit from Rhodes in 1522, and eight years later was presented with Malta by Charles V. The Turks gave them a bloody and turbulent time, but six months after the lifting of the final seige in 1565, work was begun on Valletta and the task accomplished in 15 years by means of slave labour and the services of every able-bodied Maltese. Those who could or would not contribute their energies were taxed at the rate of 3d a day. And there it stands today, faithfully reconstructed where war destruction has made it necessary, a place of mellow splendour and impregnability.

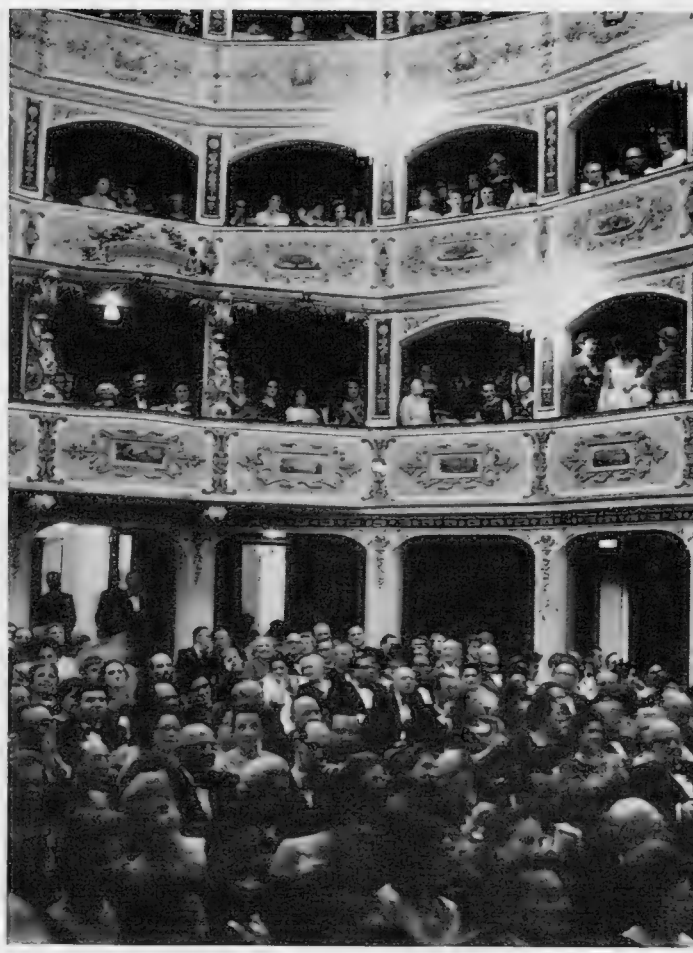
The Knights left Valletta a good legacy for the interested sightseer, from the Palace of the Grand Master—now the Governor's Palace—to the lovely little early 18th-century Manoel Theatre. The Governor's Palace includes the Tapestry Chamber where the Maltese Legislative Assembly now meets, and the Armoury—a magnificent display of several thousand items, largely relics of the Knights themselves, but dominated by the brave, battered form of the "Faith," only survivor of the last war's famous trio of Gloucester Gladiators.

All of the five remaining Auberges of the Knights have been put to good use. That of Provence is the National Museum, that of Aragon, the Prime Minister's official residence. Castille's is the army headquarters, Italy's the Courts of Justice, Bavaria's a primary school. And, of course, there is St. John's Co-Cathedral, whose plain exterior belies the riches which lie within and which almost stun you as you step across the marble floors composed of over 400 tombstones of the Knights, bishops and other contemporary aristocrats. Indeed, churches impress you on every side in Malta, by their numbers (there are over 300) and their size. One of them, completed at Mosta 100 years ago, has the fourth largest dome in the world.

To reach Mosta and elsewhere, Malta has a good network of buses, freshly painted, sleekly gleaming in a way not usually associated with the buses of the Mediterranean area, each of a different colour according to route and destination so that, as someone put it, you would have to be colour blind as well as illiterate to board the wrong one. Bus fares are amazingly cheap (which is more that you can say for some taxis), the highest fare anywhere on the island being 1s. For short distances the horse-drawn karrozzin has its attractions, but for general purposes a self-drive car obviously provides the best means of exploring Malta's 600-odd-mile road network. Charges are reasonable and the hire can either be arranged on the spot or through the BEA car hire scheme before leaving the UK.

The choice of destinations, most of them impossible either to spell or to pronounce, is astonishingly varied for so small an island, and spans 6,000 years of human occupation. They could include Marsaxlokk, a pretty fishing village in the south that merits a small hotel; the lovely translucent inlet of Wied-iz-Zurrieq in the south-west, from which a short boat trip takes you to the Blue Grotto and neighbouring caverns; the Stone Age temples of Tarxien, later used as a crematorium by Bronze Age successors; Paola and its Hypogeum, the underground temple and cemetery dating back to about 4000 BC; innumerable megalithic temples, of which my own favourite is Hagiar Qim, standing wonderfully alone above the sea; St. Paul's Bay and the scene of the world's most famous shipwreck; Rabat with its Roman catacombs and villa; and, of course, Mdina, the old capital and "silent city," slumbering aristocratically on its hill. With its fine Cathedral and patrician houses it is a place of great peace, and has a pleasant hotel, the Xara Palace.

Malta needs more hotels and, perhaps, an injection of some natural local gaiety into its evening entertainments, such as can be found in the "Barrel and Basket" in Rabat. Plans are in hand. A casino should open this summer



in the former palace of Dragonara, just beyond St. Julians. One huge new hotel project has just been approved for Salina Bay in the north-east, another approaches completion in the northern Paradise Bay; others are under consideration and there are rumours of a Hilton. For the moment, the solid comforts of the Phoenicia in Floriana still reign supreme, a short stroll from the heart of Valletta; its gardens are lovely and in them the swimming pool has been thoughtfully placed out of hearing of the hotel. Sliema is Valletta's main hotel suburb. On the north-west coast, the hotel Côte d'Or is a lively, youthful place on Golden Bay by one of the best sand beaches on the island. Alone on a hill above St. Paul's Bay, the Selmun Palace has a few delightful bedrooms in a castle-like atmosphere. For the young and carefree, there is full board in a private villa, the Fondatore (St. Paul's Bay), run by an enterprising English couple, with all watersports arranged.

Newest hotel is on tiny Comino, which you pass on the short ferry journey from Marfa in the north of Malta to Gozo across the strait. (There may also be a hydrofoil link from Valletta by now). Gozo, smaller, quieter, greener than Malta, has its own story, but it must be left for another time.

For further information: Malta House, 24, Haymarket, London, SW1.
Means of access: London-Malta, by BEA, etc., £33 13s–£57 18s tourist-class return, according to time, day and date of travel; £83 12s 1st-class return. Access by sea, other than by cruise ship or irregular cargo sailings, is from Sicily or Naples.

Above: Boats and yachts huddle in the picturesque marina at Ta Xbiex
Above left: Mdina, Malta's old capital, slumbers aristocratically on its hill
Above right: Inside the early 18th century Manoel Theatre in Valletta

TO DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY

Travelling to Dublin a week or two ago I came to the conclusion that of all airlines Aer Lingus has been the most successful in presenting a relaxed and matter-of-fact image of flying. You might be in a train or a coach going to Brighton! The notion that this is an exceptional occasion is entirely absent, yet the service is quietly efficient and impeccable. There's no atmosphere of build-up which some airlines indulge in before take-off. No passenger feels that the Captain regards this flight as anything more than another leg of his day's work. The "We welcome you aboard the . . ." is thrown away casually, as it should be, without any suggestion that the *Queen Mary* is about to weigh anchor. A glance round the cabin confirms how right this policy is. Every passenger is at ease.

Resisting the temptation to stay at the Grafton or the Shelbourne in Dublin, I booked up at the new Intercontinental, ten minutes away by taxi from the centre of the city, in Ballsbridge. It occupies a big space on a corner site, with parking space for 200 cars, a great asset in Dublin, where parking space is extremely limited. The nearby South Circular Road offers a quick get-away from Dublin, without any need to negotiate the traffic hazards of O'Connell Street. Facing the Lansdowne Road is the great bedroom block of seven floors, connected by a glass corridor to the reception and restaurant block on one floor. The dining room is large, divided by slatted wooden screens into three parts, taking away the emptiness of the place when things are quiet. The meals were really first class, the waiter service excellent and most attentive. Unfortunately, there is no lounge as such for residents, only one where tea, refreshments and drinks are served. The bar is small, a standing-up place really, although there are tables. The bedrooms are large, well-furnished—exceptionally so—all with bathrooms with such unusual features as freshly laundered face-flannels and a packet of soap-flakes for that inevitable, these days, self-laundering of shirts.

Prices for rooms range from 45s to 75s for a single room and from 67s 6d to 112s 6d for double rooms. In season, between June and September, these prices are increased. For both the businessman and the tourist the Intercontinental in Dublin offers an entirely new standard in hotel services and amenities.

Other Intercontinental hotels have been opened during the past year at Limerick and Cork. I tried out the one at Limerick and found it on a similar scale to that in Dublin. There a centre block provides reception, restaurant and bar facilities while two wings, quite separate, contain the bedrooms on two floors. Although it is situated on the Ennis road just beyond the bridge across the Shannon, the hotel is surprisingly quiet. The bedrooms are spacious and very well furnished, again all with bathrooms and all those amenities which you expect to find in a top-class establishment. Prices for single rooms range from 35s to 55s in the off season and from 45s to 65s in the high season. A continental breakfast is available at 5s 6d and what is described as "a hearty Irish breakfast" costs 8s 6d. The Intercontinental Hotel at Cork is built and run on much the same lines, the chief attraction of them all being that they are modern, open and most spaciously situated. **W.D.C.C.**

HUMOUR AND FORTUNES

244 **The Whole Thing's Laughable** by Basil Boothroyd: Allen & Unwin. 21s, may not be the most significant book of the week but at least it is a delightful one with which to open this page. Mr Boothroyd of *Punch* (a noble title if ever I heard one) is quite certainly one of the funniest men in England and these articles of his, some of them very short indeed, but all of them satisfying, provide as efficacious a way of raising the spirits as I know. There is nothing rigid or confined in the form of Mr Boothroyd's imagination. He can write with as much fluency about original bird-scarers (a hatstand on the lawn is wonderfully effective; two bicycles draped together will only scare off the tits) as about a parental sex lecture. His occasional flights into verse are as pithy as his prose and the following lines will raise a fellow feeling in many a misanthrope:

How people give parties
I just don't know:
It's all I can do
To go.

All in all, a real delight of a book and one which I recommend to you, but don't try to borrow my copy because I am going to keep it and, anyway, you know what Polonius said.

My Life and Fortunes by J. Paul Getty: Allen & Unwin. 30s, is the autobiography of a man who was listed a few years ago as the wealthiest man in America. He was a millionaire at 23 having started as a wildcat operator in the Oklahoma oilfields. He decided to retire with his cosy little sum but two years later was back in the oil business and today estimates that he probably owns "a great deal over a billion" in stocks. The most interesting part of the book is naturally in those passages where he deals with the technicalities of his career and the most relaxed and, one would suppose, typical photographs show him with the great oil sheikhs and King Ibn Saud. This may not be a practical guide to getting very rich very quickly but it is a fascinating document on the subject of a man who did.

A Message in Code—The diary of Richard Rumbold 1932-61. Edited by William Plomer: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s. Richard Rumbold was only 47 when he fell from the window of his hotel in Sicily and these excerpts from his journal cover his difficult, often self-tormented, life from the time that he was 19 to shortly before his death. He was a writer whose first book caused a scandal at Oxford and, during the war, he was a pilot in the RAF. The span of his existence, as his friend, William Plomer, has shown so sympathetically in his introduction, was never a peaceful one and in spite of the devotion which he experienced from more than one of his friends, he was never to know peace of heart and mind. For that reason his journal with its uncertainties and searchings is a sad one in its cumulative effect.

The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald—edited by Andrew Turnbull: Bodley Head. 50s. Mr Turnbull has written one of the best biographies of Fitzgerald and now turns his attention to a collection of the writer's correspondence which covers more than 20 years and shows him in the dual aspects of writer and, less expectedly, family man. The letters have not been grouped chronologically but in batches under the heading of his many friends. They are immensely revealing of his personality, of his methods of work and, above all, of the loyalty in his friendships. One can follow the career and development of a highly professional author in his correspondence with Maxwell Perkins; judge of his family devotion in his touching letters to his daughter and catch some of his gaiety in his exchanges with his friends Ernest Hemingway or Helen Hayes. I found this volume quite fascinating, as much for its picture of an epoch as for its portrait of a meteor-like career.

Winter of Madness by David Walker: Collins. 18s, shows the author of *Geordie* in a new light, as the writer of a slightly fantastic but thoroughly entertaining thriller which is concerned with the doings of a 13th baron in his highland home and with the disruptive activities of a visiting American millionaire. There is a freshness and an utter lack of banality about the book which I enjoyed and for which I recommend it to you.

Father Lascaut Hits Back by L. E. Jones: Chapman & Hall. 18s, is described as a mixed grill or collection of short stories, most of which concern a catholic priest and his parish doings. Sir Laurence, as always, writes with suavity and simple charm and his tales are both good humoured and amusing.

Chelsea Bird by Virginia Ironside: Secker & Warburg. 18s, gives the reader a new slant on the old story of the art student in Chelsea. It also provides some singularly depressing data on the sexual and social habits of one stratum

RIDDLE-POSING EMPEROR

The Emperor Alexander by E. M. Almedingen: Bodley Head. 30s.
Knight of the White Eagle by W. J. Sparrow: Hutchinson. 50s.
The Desert King by David Howarth: Collins. 30s.
The Four Lives of Elsbeth Rosenfeld: Gollancz. 21s.
All Honourable Men by Walter Goodman: Longmans. 25s.
The Devil's Discus by Rayne Kruger: Cassell. 30s.
The Police by Ben Whitaker: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s or Penguin. 3s 6d.

Modern history has few more tragic figures than Alexander I, Emperor of all the Russias. The brilliant promise of his early years; the haunting memory of the crime by which he had obtained the power to realise his ideals; and in the end the terrible legacy he left to his country, a principle of government which under lofty pretensions veiled in tyranny supported by spies and secret police, an army permeated by organised disaffection, an armed Poland, whose hunger for liberty had been whetted but not satisfied, were only some of the ingredients of this tragedy. Alexander was indeed a figure of extraordinary contradictions. Autocrat and Jacobin, man of the world and mystic, he posed for his contemporaries a great riddle. The Emperor has attracted the attention of numerous biographers, and the latest of them, Miss E. M. Almedingen, also the author of a life of Alexander II, attempts to present a portrait of this complex man whom Napoleon called "a shifty Byzantine," and Metternich "a madman to be humoured." Alexander had the quality of "evoking the best, the most living elements in all he met," and even when he swerved from liberalism to tyranny there were many who loved him and forgot his perfidies in private and in public. This is a biography written on a high level of understanding, adding little that is new, but full of perception and marked by a very real understanding of the period.

That most versatile of men, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, a man of many lives, who started as a store assistant in New England, married a wealthy Boston widow, became secretary of the British Province of Georgia, became a fellow of the Royal Society, was Minister of War to the Bavarian government and Grand Chamberlain to the Elector, devised plans for rehabilitating Munich's destitute, thought up a cure for smoky chimneys, and with Sir Joseph Banks projected the establishment of the Royal Institution, needless to say provides material for a lively and what must inevitably be a rather breathtaking biography. Dr W. J. Sparrow is essentially a scientist, but he grasps the rich opportunities offered by Rumford's varied career. Count Rumford, the Knight of the White Eagle, was indeed an absorbing man, but strangely his fame has not endured in this country, perhaps because we are inclined to distrust versatility. This is the first substantial biography of Rumford published in Britain, and it is both scholarly in exposition and very good reading.

David Howarth's life of Ibn Saud, *The Desert King*, is written in obvious admiration of the once penniless prince who became undisputed ruler of most of Arabia and the second richest man in the world. This portrait of a legendary warrior has a biblical air about it, until suddenly the discovery of Arabian oil brings it slap bang into the 20th century, and we see the chaos that riches plus ignorance can create. Of Ibn Saud's simplicity and integrity Mr Howarth makes us well aware, as also of the unrighteousness of the sons and advisers who surrounded him.

The spoken word in cold print can sometimes fall very flat, but the 23 episodes from the life-story of Dr Elsbeth Rosenfeld broadcast last summer on the Midland BBC have produced a notable volume in which the character of this unusual woman shines clear. Dr Rosenfeld is a Christian who deliberately registered herself as a jewess in Nazi Germany, and survived. The ordeals she endured were very terrible—hers indeed was at times a terrifying existence—but they have given her an awareness of life and of its meaning that truly illuminate a sombre story.

Walter Goodman is an American editor and journalist. He would probably resent the imputation that he has written his book *All Honourable Men* from other than the most public-spirited motives. Probing various recent scandals in American public life he seeks to show that there is something rotten in the nation and that it needs the healing winds of frank discussion to put

of Chelsea's inhabitants. I suppose on the whole one might say that Miss Ironside has written a most informative book (incidentally, with an attractive jacket), but I cannot say that its subject matter is inspiring.

The Carib Sands by Terence Kelly: Macmillan. 22s 6d, is a first novel dealing with a present-day phenomenon: the building of a luxury hotel on the north shore of Jamaica. In principle, new authors are always welcome, though sometimes they provide one only with thin fare, but Mr Kelly is one to hail with real enthusiasm although it is possible that he has not yet settled into a definite writing style. His story is well plotted and ingenious, his dialogue natural and the whole book extremely readable.

The Ruby Wine Man by Roy Heath: Faber. 16s, is an odd but, as it turns out, apt title for this story of provincial life which is also a first novel and one that already shows performance as well as promise.

This Time for Love by Neil Bell: Alvin Redman. 18s, contains one long story and 20 shorter ones by a most accomplished writer; one who is capable of varying his material with practised ease and whose admirable aim it is to entertain the reader. **Vernon Fane**

In our issue of May 2, Mr Robin Douglas-Home, author of *Hot For Certainties*, was referred to as playwright and author. It is, of course, Mr William Douglas-Home who is the well-known playwright and Mr Robin Douglas-Home who is the author of this new novel.

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it right. Here clearly he sees the press in its Sir Galahad role. America he feels is "like an aged and roast-beef-bloated club member, stupefied with well being and hypnotised by his own digestive processes; our otherwise vigorous young nation's response to charlatanism, ineptitude and mediocrity in all its forms is a brief grumble and a prolonged all-expressive shrug." Well this is Mr Goodman's not so brief grumble, and there will be a lot of folk who won't like it.

Rayne Kruger's *The Devil's Discus* is a fascinating examination of the murder of young King Ananda of Siam on June 1, 1946. Three men have been shot for their part in encompassing that murder, but the author is not satisfied that justice has been done and until it is done he sees no real stability or lasting peace for a land which might well fall prey to communist exploitation. Nothing less than a panel of international jurists to re-examine all the evidence is Mr Rayne Kruger's proposition, and until then he refuses to write finis to this curious story.

Ben Whitaker, student of psychology and criminology, a practising barrister, naturally interested in everything to do with the law, has written a book about *The Police* with the clear-cut idea of promoting better understanding between the public and the force. It is admirably well done with great lucidity. Mr Whitaker's main plea is that we often give the police powers that are either inadequate or ill defined. The book is published simultaneously in stiff covers by Eyre and Spottiswoode and as a paperback by Penguin Books. **Richard Edmonds**

Above: The way white-tailed eagles cope with the thin air of high altitudes is one of the problems explained in the beautifully illustrated *Animal Worlds* by Marston Bates (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 84s). Such questions and the whole subject of how animals face different conditions of life is the fascinating theme of this book. In the final section the author deals with man and his relationship with animals

Left: A view of the North Pole through the periscope of the US submarine *Seadragon* showing the crew walking on the ice. The picture is reproduced from *Man and the Conquest of the Poles* by Paul-Emile Victor (Hamish Hamilton. 35s). The book is an account of man's explorations in the far ends of the earth, from the Greek explorer Pytheas in the 4th century BC to the American nuclear submarines underneath the polar cap

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **THE HON. FREDERICK HENNESSY**

Mr Frederick Hennessy has been Chairman of the Wine and Spirit Association of Great Britain since last year. He is also Chairman of the recently formed United Kingdom marketing organisation of International Distillers and Vintners; of Gilbey Twiss Ltd.; and one of the leading personalities in the wine and spirit trade of Great Britain. Born in 1906, the second son of Lord Windlesham, he was educated at Eton and Magdalene College, Cambridge. On coming down, he joined the 200-year-old family firm, Jas. Hennessy & Co., in Cognac, where he remained until 1938. That year he returned to London to take over the brandy side of Twiss & Brownings and Hallowes, who were agents for Hennessy brandy in the UK and the Middle and Far East. At the outbreak of the war he joined the Grenadier Guards in which he became a major, and was awarded the M.B.E. At the conclusion of the war he returned to Twiss & Brownings and Hallowes to become a Director and later Chairman. When the firm merged with Justerini and Brooks in 1956 he became a Vice-Chairman of the newly formed United Wine Traders. Two years ago United Wine Traders joined with W. and A. Gilbey Ltd. to form International Distillers and Vintners, and Mr Hennessy was elected Vice-Chairman of the new company. As Chairman of the Wine and Spirit Association of Great Britain, he continues to play a leading role in international negotiations for his trade. Married, he has a son and two daughters. Mr Hennessy is a member of White's and the Guards Club in London. Among Mr Hennessy's recreations are shooting and golf

A MORE COMPELLING VOICE?

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

For quite a large proportion of the British public, one suspects, publication last week of a plan to merge the three main employers' federations in this country was the first time they ever realised there were more than one. Most people have heard of the Federation of British Industries: that is to say, quite a high proportion of us probably knew the initials FBI stood for something other than Mr Hoover's law enforcement agency in Washington. The names of the other two, from time to time, must have impinged upon their eyes from newspaper columns: but whether they would have been able to identify the NABM and the BEC as the National Association of British Manufacturers and the British Employers' Confederation is much more doubtful.

Some employers might cite this public ignorance of the other two as a compelling reason for the merger: a single spokesman for industry, they argue, could make a stronger impression on the public consciousness and speak with a more compelling voice. Not all would agree. Employers' federations have seldom considered it their first task, in the past, to address the public: their words have been primarily for the ear of the Government or other public authorities. Moreover, in the field of labour negotiations, they have in the past mostly been glad to work quietly, without the glare of publicity.

Nevertheless, last year, these three organisations did decide to investigate the possibility of merging their quite distinct identities into a new "national industrial organisation." They did not take any binding decisions on the issue. First, they preferred to see what would be involved. They thought this would be better done from outside, so they asked two professional advisers, Sir Henry Benson and Sir Sam Brown, to draw up a draft constitution and plans for a merger. The advisers' report comprised the proposals set out last week.

The Federation of British Industries and the National Association of British Manufacturers differ in nature and representation; the British Employers' Confederation differs from the other two in function. The FBI is thought of mainly as a federation of (280) trade associations of individual industries, though, in fact, it has more than 8,500 individual members (companies and individuals); it also tends to be thought of as representing the views of big industry, though more than 60 per cent. of its individual members employ no fewer than 200 people. It is also the biggest and clearly the senior among the three organisations, for when Government departments or other public bodies are seeking anything approaching a general industrial view, it is more often the FBI to which they turn than to any other.

The National Association of British Manufacturers, again, is thought of as representing the views of small business in Britain, and here the impression is more accurate. Some 74 per cent. of its 5,000-odd members do fall into the small business category, though it also has 53 trade associations as members. The NABM is a less centralised body than the FBI, its ten regional organisations operating pretty independently with finance and overall direction from London. The FBI has a regional network of offices, but a very strong central organisation of experts at its London headquarters—which is perhaps what makes it the better known.

Both of these bodies, in their memoranda of association, declare an interest in relations between "masters and workmen"; but in practice, both of them steer pretty clear of any direct interest in labour negotiations. The British Employers' Confederation, on the other hand, concentrates exclusively upon labour relations: its main function is to "service" and advise all the many employers' associations throughout the country that have to negotiate direct with trade unions over wages and conditions of employment. It has no individual members: its members are 53 employers' organisations. It provides comparative economic and statistical data, keeps one industry up to date with the state of bargaining in others, and tries to keep employers' negotiating attitudes across the whole economy broadly in line. Where the other two organisations' activities are diffuse, providing industrial reactions to almost anything, the BEC's are concentrated and down to earth.

One of the reasons why these three organisations are considering a merger is simply that the whole question of wage negotiations needs nowadays to be discussed in a wider framework. Incomes policy is not simply a matter of individual negotiations between employers and trade unions: it is argued within the whole context of national planning and of Governmental economic policy. In these discussions the trade unions are well enough organised within their limits; the Trades Union Congress, at any rate, has the whole question of its members' incomes right at the centre of all its discussions of the running of the economy. In tripartite discussions of all kinds—employers, employees, and government—labour thus speaks with one voice and can answer on all points; but there have often been times when the FBI or the NABM representatives on some council or panel have to pass questions of any detail affecting labour relations over to the BEC. In the National Economic Development Council, this different approach from the two sides has been noticeable; problems were partly avoided by appointing the employer representatives as individuals in their own right, but the trade unionists, specifically representing the TUC, would perhaps have more weight behind their commitments if they ever chose to accept any.

Last week's report concentrated on the structure and functions of a new, united body, presuming the merger takes place: it did not discuss the reasons for the merger. The NABM, in particular, can see some loss as well as gain in sacrificing its individuality. In Britain, there has never been an aggressively "different" small business community, emphasising the points where its interests conflict with, or may be endangered by, those of big business—though there have been significant differences, for example, in NABM and FBI attitudes towards mergers. This is understandable, as against say the United States; it is bigness in Government encroaching upon all business, rather than big business encroaching upon small business, that worries private enterprise here. Nevertheless, the NABM does feel that in some fields the concerns of small- and medium-sized business deserve special consideration; and it is not quite certain that the decision to merge will go smoothly through its councils.

In the other organisations the great weight of opinion is certainly for a merger; so, presumably, we shall soon be starting the process of integration into a "Council of British Industry" (the favourite title). One danger, which the organisations faced in their original initiative, is that the non-partisan, above-the-battle air of the FBI, which gained it some genuine acceptance among trade unions and political opponents, might be somewhat compromised in an organisation responsible among other things for directly backing up labour bargaining. But that shift towards practicality can have advantages as well as disadvantages. The other danger—which can only be worked out in practice—is that a single organisation representing all the multifarious interests of all employers in Britain could become too polite and temporising ever to take a definite line on anything. That will depend on the men who run it—from the start.

A corner of the main bottling floor at Deinhard's cellars at Mansell Street in the City of London, with a cellarman filling one of the plastic tanks from a half-stück of Rhine wine. These tanks hold four half-stücks or 11 hogsheads of French wines. They are exceptionally light and can be cleaned and sterilised quickly and efficiently. A survey on the wine trade in Great Britain starts overleaf

INFINITE PROSPECTS FOR WINE

248 The established, traditional structure of the wine trade in Britain is undergoing a gradual, but nevertheless pronounced, change. For many years it has been based on three clear-cut stages. The first link between the producer abroad and the consumer was the importer (shipper), who usually carried several non-competitive agencies. Thus the same importer would be the agent for perhaps a champagne, a brandy, a Bordeaux and a Burgundy house. The next stage, or link in the chain, was the wholesale trade, in its various forms, the genuine wholesaler, the "multiples" (the owners of large or small groups of retail "outlets" who would act as wholesalers supplying their own branches), the wine and spirit departments of brewers, and finally the firms which carried on wholesale and retail business. The wholesale trade buys from the importer in fairly large quantities, and redistributes in smaller quantities to the third link in the chain, the retailers who may have "on" or "off" licences, such as restaurants, public houses and clubs, wine merchants or licensed grocers.

The recent changes which show the newly developing trend arise from the fact that some of the wholesalers, especially the multiples and the brewers, are getting so big that they are not any more content to get their supplies through importers, except in cases where this is absolutely unavoidable, such as in the cases of well-known wines for which there is a demand, and which cannot be obtained otherwise. The brewers and other large groups can achieve this in two ways: either by becoming the owners of the importing firm, or by buying direct, cutting out the importer as an intermediary. For example Allied Breweries, one of the biggest groups, have bought their own firm of importers (Davis, Hammond and Barton). Their apparent policy is to buy one third of their needs through their own importing firm, one third from independent importers and the remaining third direct. Other large groups today follow similar paths. Whitbread buy through their subsidiary, F. S. Stowell, and Watney, Mann through W. E. Smith. Generally the large brewers to a great extent manage to keep the whole chain in a single hand by buying, bottling and distributing themselves.

In a few cases groups have endeavoured to go even further by securing the original source of production for themselves. This may result in a continuous chain from producer to consumer, as was the case when Harveys acquired their own production of sherry in Spain and bought the first growth Château Latour in the Médoc. On the other hand Holt Sons and Company, one of the smaller groups with a wholesale and retail trade in this country, has bought Château Rausan-Ségla and also one of the largest "negociants" in Bordeaux, Louis Eschenauer, which in turn owns other important vineyards allowing the intervening link, between supply and wholesale, i.e. the importer, to remain independent. This latter arrangement is regarded as a very sensible one for the production is sold freely through the importers and avoids to some extent the resentment which the trade shows sometimes against a firm in its own section of the trade which appears to corner the sources of supply. More recently Holt's have acquired Lebègue, one of the biggest importers of French wines.

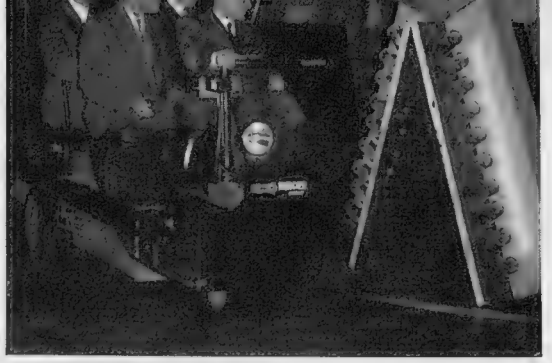
The so-called market-houses which used to be a feature of the wine trade have almost completely disappeared as independent units. Today nearly all members of the Market Houses Association are subsidiaries of various brewers.

Above: A vintage scene in the Moët and Chandon vineyards. Moët and Chandon is the only champagne house that conducts its business with British wine merchants through its own subsidiary company in London
Right: Wine from many countries is distilled into brandy, but it is universally accepted that only those grapes from the Cognac district near the south west coast of France are the most suited and it is only brandy from this defined area which may be called Cognac

Above: In the champagne vineyards—picking grapes on the Taittinger estate at Rheims
Right: Stacking casks of sherry at a bodega in Jerez, Spain. Regency sherries (branded name of Grants of St. James's Ltd.) are blended here before being shipped to Britain
Bottom right: Bottled red wine in the cellars of Louis Eschenauer. This is the Bordeaux House which is now under the control of the Holt Group of Liverpool

All this development and concentration makes for greater efficiency and better economy, but, it is contended that it is not favourable to maintaining the interest in the individuality and charm of wines. Importer-agents are diminishing in numbers because of the numerous amalgamations which have taken place, to equip them to deal more adequately with the larger buying units. They are not in danger of extinction however, for consumption has been and will continue to be on the increase, making up in volume for lost business. There is also the fact that well-known and famous wines are in short supply, and the resulting increased demand is in favour of the independent agents. Some agents and producers have entered into mutual or many sided supply agreements with each other, in so far as they belong to the various groups. An interesting development is the consortium formed by Percy Fox Ltd. The members of this consortium include Stowells (Whitbread), Kinloch (Courage-Barclay), Gray, Dawes (bankers) and Trust Houses. The advantages of such an association, the scope of which is being extended still further, are only too obvious.

The trade has been continuing to grow in the wake of steadily increasing consumption of wine in Great Britain. The total consumption of imported wines for the year 1963 was 24,367,301 gallons (six bottles to the gallon), the corresponding total ten years ago was only 10,338,419 gallons, and the rate of increase per annum is at present 12 per cent. Most of the wine is imported in wooden casks, butts, *continued on page 250*



Above far left: In Cognac, Remy Martin, who insist on checking for themselves the perfect quality of their casks, buy their own trees and possess their own cooper's shed

Above left: A small electric train carries visitors through the Epernay cellars of Champagne Mercier

Left: A customs officer is gauging a cask of sherry at Testwood House, on the edge of the New Forest, where Williams and Humbert have their bonded warehouses and bottling plant. The sherry has been shipped from Cadiz to Southampton, and transported from there to Testwood House. Here, still under bond, it will rest in cask for several weeks before being transferred to the storage vats. The storage vats at Testwood House contain up to 25,000 gallons of sherry

Below: Mr John Baker, Chairman of the Importers of Madeira Wine Association, examining old Madeiras for colour in the Evans Marshall tasting room in the City of London. Evans Marshall and Co. Ltd., part of Associated Wine and Spirit Traders, are one of the oldest of London's Madeira shippers

Left: Throughout the maturing years of cognac the blender plays a vital role, making sure the brandy does not extract tannin too fast from the wood and selecting the right moment to blend one taste with another. For six generations the family of Maurice Fillioux have been employed as chief blenders to the 200-year-old French firm of Jas. Hennessy and Co.

Above: Mr Mervyn Hubball, director of the Harvey Group's quality control department at the Whitchurch bottling plant at Bristol, selects a number of bottles from each batch of sherry coming off the bottling line. These are carefully examined for consistency of type and quality before the batch is released to their distribution warehouse

INFINITE PROSPECTS FOR WINE *continued from page 248*

hogsheads, pipes, etc., only 4 per cent. of the total is shipped in bottle, although the duty differential is now no more than 2s 6d per gallon. Bottling is a very important part of the trade, and is done for the importing houses and wholesalers often by the so-called trade-bottlers, which include among others the PLA. Ports and sherries are often bottled in the bonded warehouses, especially when stocks are to be built up for the Christmas rush, but the better table-wines are usually bottled in duty-paid cellars where better control can be kept over conditions. Most of the bottling in this country is still done by hand, there has been very little mechanisation so far, except in the case of ports and sherries. Experiments are going on with shipping the simpler wines in extra-large containers. Cotrali Ltd. specialise in such new techniques, and are incidentally responsible for making Shoreham a wine-port, in addition to the existing ones: London, Bristol, Liverpool and, on the East Coast, King's Lynn.

Several of the large groups and brewers have built big new, modern warehouses for storage and handling of wines, for it is necessary to hold vast stocks to maintain continuity. Because of high distribution costs, in many cases regional depots have been established in addition.

Because the supply of the well known and even the lesser known named table wines is becoming more and more restricted in relation to the growing consumption, many firms are introducing blended, standardised table wines which are sold under their own individual brand names. Such moves are also encouraged by the prospect of new legislation in the future regarding the use of names. Although it is unlikely that we would adopt the French law of *appelation controlée,* it is quite likely that legislation will introduce the protection of place names. Wines with branded names depend a great deal for their success on advertising, and the generally accepted figure of advertising cost loading is 2s 6d on a case of wine (3d per bottle).

The importance of authentic origin is most clearly illustrated in the case of champagne. Champagne imports (which have risen together with the rest) represent 70 per cent. of the total of sparkling wines imported; of the remaining 30 per cent. more than half are other French " mousseux," and the remainder is the total of all other sparkling wines imported.

Among the fortified wines, the consumption of Madeira is very small, in spite of renewed efforts by its producers and shippers to make it popular once again. Port has not re-established itself either. In view of the fact that port has been always regarded as a British drink, it is most surprising to find that France now drinks more than Britain. Vintage port is a very small proportion of the total, and several port shippers have tried to produce " vintage-type " port by short cuts. Total port consumption has gone down once more in 1963, and it is thought that most of the lost ground was in pubs and restaurants; people simply do not buy port. This is not because the average taste has been inclining towards drier drinks. Although this is traditionally a " dry " country, there is still much more sweet champagne and sweet sherry sold in Britain than dry. This tendency is even more pronounced in the North.

Sherry is the most popular of all imported wines. The consumption of Spanish sherry in 1963 amounted to over 5½ million gallons. If South African and other " sherries " are added to this it will be seen that one bottle in every three bottles of wine sold in Britain is sherry.

Of the Commonwealth wine producers the import of Cyprus wine has increased, taking trade mainly from Australia. Cyprus sherries are not sherries in the strict sense, but for their sweetness and flavour they cannot fail to become big sellers at the extremely low price they can be offered at. Their quality has greatly improved in recent years, particularly since Mr F. Rossi at the request of the Cyprus authorities made his investigation and recommended improvements in the vines and methods of production. The gain of Cyprus is Australia's loss. The imports from the latter country are only about 30 per cent. of the pre-war quantity

South African wines still enjoy Commonwealth preference, and these wines have done extremely well here. South Africa sent nearly 2½ million gallons in 1963 (about seven-eighths of this was sherry) compared to the pre-war figure of under 1½ million gallons.

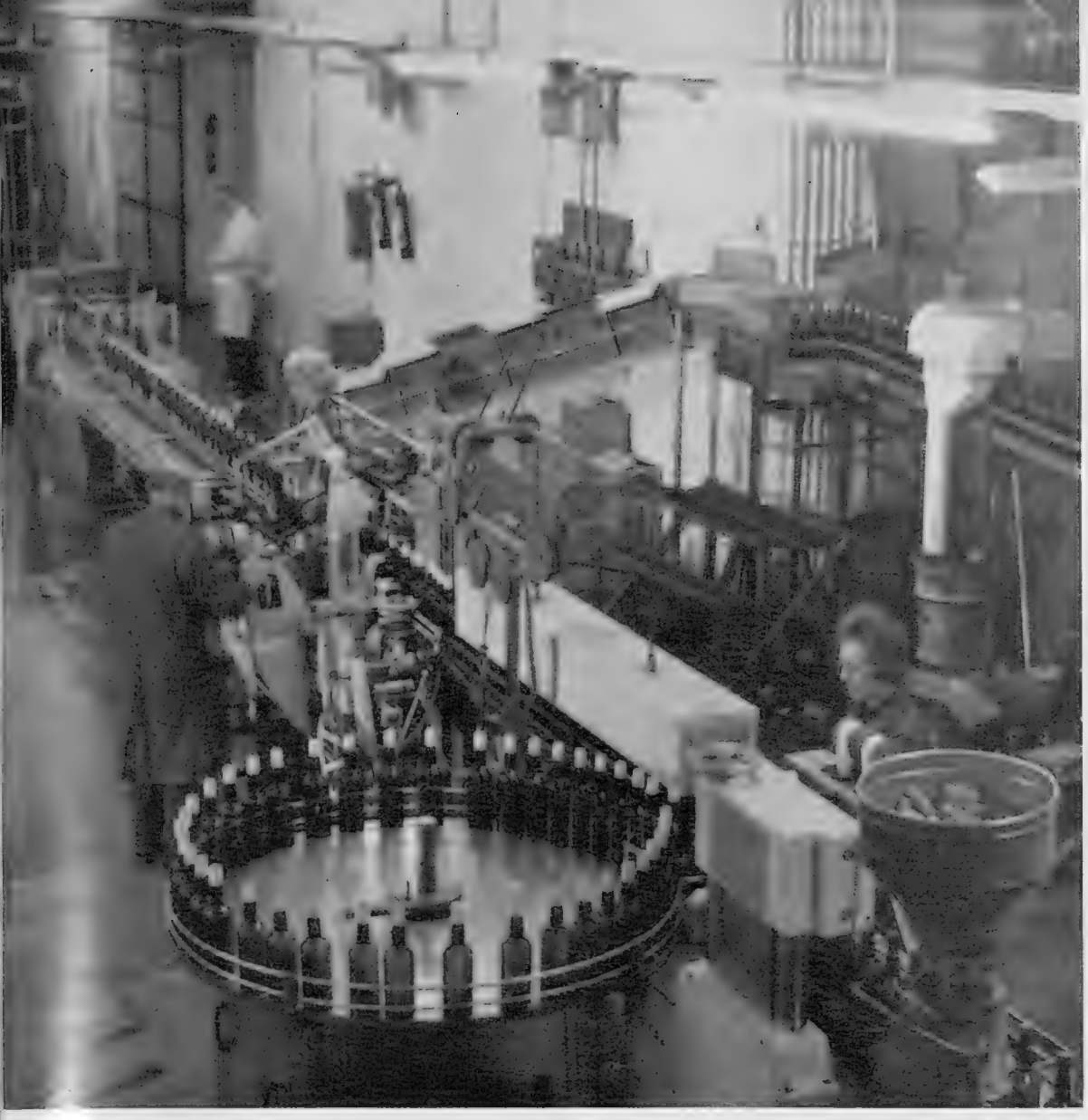
The consumption of brandy has increased threefold since before the war. It now stands at 1¼ million proof gallons. The first impetus for this fine increase was given to brandy by the shortage of whisky a few years ago. Liqueurs have also increased, their growth in popularity was aided by the wartime and post-war shortage of sugar, since then liqueurs have never looked back. Rum consumption has gone up, but only to a small extent. It is difficult to persuade the public that it is a summer drink. It is still regarded as something to be drunk in cold weather only. Efforts have been made to overcome sales resistance by the introduction of " light " and pale rums, such as Imperial Diamond and Daiquiri, but progress is slow. It is difficult to change the taste of the public. The importers of vermouths have tried very hard to advocate the drinking of vermouth on its own, but it is still selling almost entirely as a drink to be mixed with gin.

There are immense prospects ahead for the wine trade in Britain. To quote Mr John Mahoney, Secretary of the Wine and Spirit Trade Association, " Prospects for the wine trade are almost infinite. We still only consume some three bottles per head of population per annum. In France the same figure is 130 litres, and even in the non-wine drinking United States the average per capita annual consumption is six bottles. If the present rate of growth continues, and there is no reason why it should not, total consumption should be doubled by 1970."

There are a few clouds on the horizon however of this virile and energetic trade. It was appalled by the 1964 budget. They feel that higher prices for wines and spirits are inevitably reflected in reduced demand. The growth of supermarkets worries the retail section of the trade, but the trade as a whole do not mind, for the more people who sell wines the better, they think.

A burning question is the abolition of RPM. This is very bad for a trade which is used to very small margins. I was told that the ordinary retailer makes 18-19 per cent. gross profit on his turnover, out of which all overheads have to be met, including wages, which alone account for 10 per cent. It is estimated that the retailer's net profit is no more than 3 per cent. of turnover. If his turnover drops because of the disappearance of RPM he soon reaches a stage when his net profit simply disappears. The Wine and Spirit Trade will apply for exemption when the new law comes on the grounds that it provides a service to the public at a reasonable profit. The lack of RPM would result in a situation when the number of outlets and the choice available to customers would be diminished.

The pictures taken at Percy Fox and Co. Ltd. show from the top, the checking of the automatic " capsuling " machine and a close-up of the labelling machine. 2,500 bottles an hour can be capsuled, labelled and boxed on each line. *Third from top* shows Warres Nimrod port being bottled in the cask cellar. *Bottom:* The binning of Crown of Crowns Liebfraumilch in the cellars. Percy Fox and Co., who began in 1885 with only the agency for Lanson Champagne, now are agents as well for a variety of other wines



Left: The completely automatic line of Gonzalez Byass (UK) Ltd. fills between 1,000 and 1,500 dozen bottles a day. Gonzalez Byass are one of the last few family-owned private companies of size in the sherry business. Well known for their brand Tio Pepe, Gonzalez Byass also own port lodges in Vila Nova de Gaia, and distribute Charles Heidsieck Champagne through their United Kingdom Company. Over 750,000 gallons of wine pass through the cellars in one year
Below: Bottles are heat-sealed before labelling at Harvey's Whitchurch bottling plant at Bristol

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INFINITE PROSPECTS FOR WINE *continued from page 251*

Above right: One of the redesigned wine stores of Fosters Wine Merchants Ltd., a constituent company of International Distillers and Vintners Group

Left: Mr F. G. Spearing, the Chairman of Davis, Hammond and Barton Ltd., entertains Mr Denys Erskine, Chairman of Associated Hotels Ltd., in the Company's 18th-century dining room in Pall Mall, London. Handling the decanter is Mr A. J. L. Maccready, managing director of Davis, Hammond and Barton

Right: Mr John Rawlings examines some of the thousands of bottles of R.S.L. sherry from South Africa in the cellars of Rawlings and Sons (London) Ltd. at Waterloo

Left: The Chairman's office of Findlater Mackie Todd and Co. Ltd. in Wigmore Street, London. The company sells over a million bottles of Dry Fly sherry every year

Right: In France, capsules are placed by hand on bottles of Cointreau before they receive their labels for sale on the British market

Far right: The second floor of the new warehouse and head office of Brown and Pank Ltd. at Stockwell, South London. The new building was opened last year. It has 77,000 square feet of storage space

Left: Labelling Domecq sherry in their London bottling plant

Far left: Mr Jack Lee, head cellarman of Davis, Hammond and Barton Ltd., examines a bottle of vintage Burgundy from a client's special reserve. Mr Lee has had over 40 years' experience in the wine trade

Right: Part of the wine department at the Army and Navy Stores in London. The wine cellars of this well-known London store carry a stock of about half a million bottles of wine

Left: In the Lyons Wine Cellars in Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, Mr E. W. White, manager and buyer, and the assistant head cellarman examine bottles of Burgundy

Right: The window display of one of the shops of T. F. Ashe and Nephew Ltd. at Freshfield, near Formby, Lancashire. This company, founded in 1845 and now a part of the Holt wine group, has many branches in the north of England. The shop front is a fine example of combining traditional features with the current trend of merchandise display

Above: At the annual tasting of French wines in the cellars of J. L. P. Lebègue and Co. Ltd., under London Bridge, last October. Mr Seymour Weller, who runs Château Haut-Brion, is flanked by the French Ambassador and Baronne Geoffrey de Courcel
Above right: Mr Jack Finney (left), managing director of H. D. Davies and Co. Ltd., and Mr J. B. Chaplin, chairman of the Emu Wine Co. Ltd.
Left: Mr Guy Price, chairman and managing director of J. L. P. Lebègue and Co. Ltd., speaking at his preview luncheon at which some of the guests were fellow wine-shippers. On the left are the Hon. Frederick Hennessy and Mr Selwyn Lloyd. Right are M Robert Bouchard, director of Bouchard Ainé of Beaune (Côte d'Or), and R. S. Lamdin, chairman of Bouchard Ainé, London

Above: Mr George McWatters, chairman of Harveys and Mr H. D. Stephens-Clarkson, chairman of Percy Fox and Co. Ltd.

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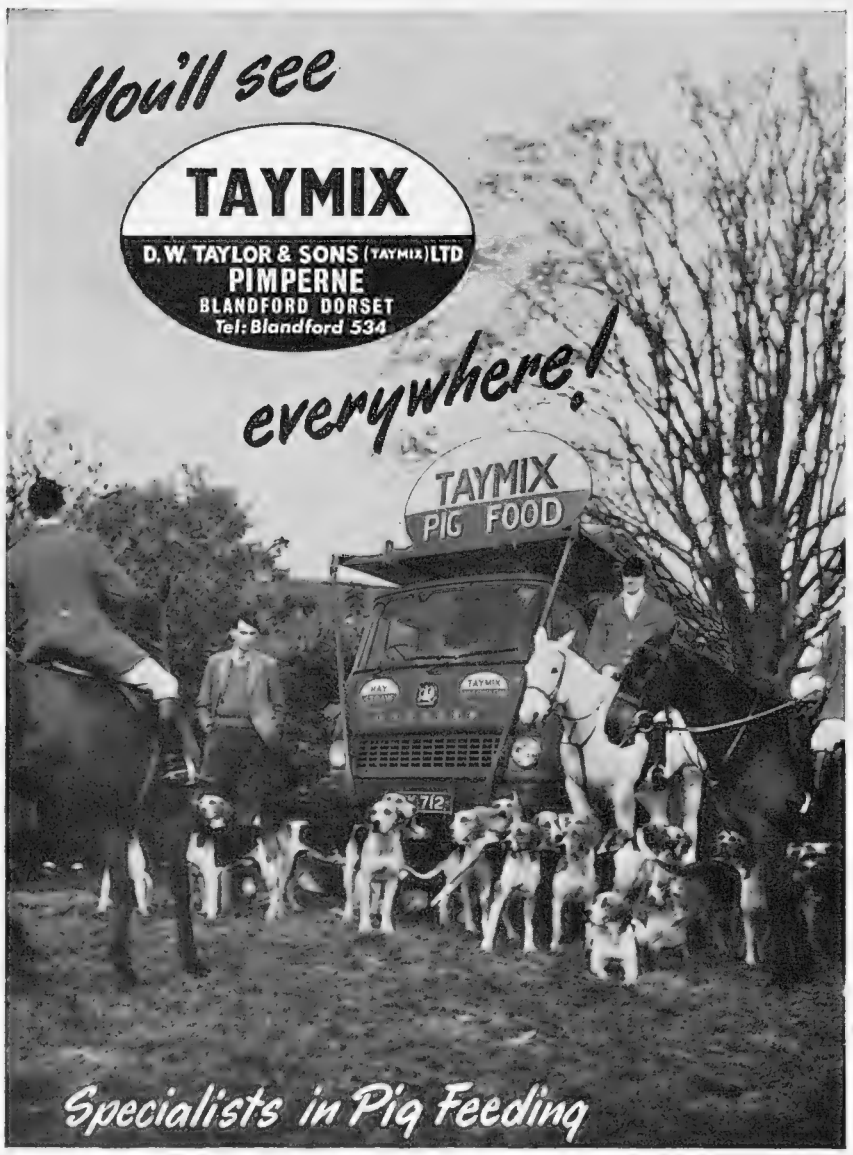

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INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SYNTHETIC FIBRES

by The Sphere City Correspondent

The fibre makers, at the moment, can find three eager buyers jostling for every yard of thread they can turn out. Nylon is on a rationing basis, even to the biggest customers. And production and sales of synthetics for the first quarter of 1964 were 18 per cent. up on 1963.

It is against this heady and euphoric background that ICI and Courtaulds have agreed to end their uneasy partnership (in which both owned a half-share in that most profitable of cuckoos, British Nylon Spinners, now valued at £260 million, and ICI, as a result of 1962's abortive takeover bid, owned 38 per cent. of Courtaulds). Now ICI gets all of BNS, drops all holding in Courtaulds, hands over £10 million in five annual instalments, and the two go their sweet and separate ways.

The deal is eminently logical. ICI is a chemical company, and BNS, apart from being one of the most spectacularly successful post-war investments, provide an enormous captive market for the nylon raw material from ICI.

Courtaulds, on the other hand, though gladly sharing in the investment, in other ways found the whole thing an irritating millstone. Courtauld's strength has been built up on the older man-made fibres, rayon and such-like, which have lately been growing at a mere $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year. And all the BNS holding did was to bar any direct participation in nylon, which has been advancing at a dizzy 15 per cent., and looks like accelerating.

The shackles are now off. Courtaulds are going into nylon on the largest possible scale. Using the crash techniques developed for the many fibre plants they have sold to Russia and the Iron Curtain countries in recent years, they are rushing up formidable installations at Spondon in Derbyshire, and elsewhere, which will quickly enable them to produce 50 million lb. of nylon every year—nearly half as much as the present output of BNS. And their "Celon" brand will no doubt be promoted on the heaviest possible scale, in rivalry with the well-established "Bri-Nylon" label. At the moment, there is room for everybody.

BNS themselves have plans to raise production to over 200 million lbs. by 1967, and by then British Enkalon, backed by the huge Dutch AKU group (which are already producing 7 million lb. a year in Northern Ireland) and Chemstrand, the fibre offshoot of Monsanto (which intend to open an 18 million lb. plant in Scotland next year) will pretty certainly be stepping up their own targets to get the maximum economies of large-scale production. In total they will be churning out at least 300 million lb.—twice as much as we manage to use up in shirts, socks, sheets, dresses, tyre cords, stockings, sweaters and so forth at the moment. Is our nylon appetite really going to expand at that rate?

The cautious answer seems to be "no"—or, at least, only if a highly effective (and highly expensive) selling campaign is carried out. And even then the price—which has been very lush indeed during the days of BNS's virtual monopoly—will come sharply down. And this may take a good deal of the gilt off the gingerbread.

Courtaulds, however, should be well placed to do the necessary selling job. Unlike ICI they have long been down in the textile market place, and in a recent splurge of bids, mergers and controlling interests, they have mopped up a whole bouquet of well-known retail names: Susan Small, Bairnswear, Morton Sundour and a dozen others, which will doubtless all blossom out under the "Celon" banner They also account for some 15 per cent. of the entire British warp-knitting industry—using the ready-prepared thread-beams, which are now perhaps the fastest-growing side of synthetics—and thus give Courtaulds a powerful captive base to build up their market.

They are going to need a lot of management, though, over the next few years. Many of their recent acquisitions (despite their household names) have been through a rather dim period and need refurbishment. And then there is the whole new nylon side to be built up.

So we have probably by no means seen the end of Courtaulds as bidder. Only from now on the emphasis will be on acquiring talent, as much as outlets. One probable candidate, already swept up once on a wave of Stock Market rumours, but now quiescent again, is Lister's, the well-known velvet, knitting wool and synthetic fur group. Under the management of Mr Cyril Kornberg and Mr John Segal, who built up their own reputation in fine worsteds, this old Bradford concern has gone from strength to strength. And the Kornberg-Segal expertise looks certain to increase its importance now that the new, dynamic polarisation in British textiles is under way. It could well be that they will be to Courtaulds what the ebullient Mr Joe Hyman, of Viyella, is to ICI. And the Lister shares, at 21s 6d, to yield 2·8 per cent., 2·5 times covered, still look a distinctly good buy.

Another, even bigger, catch would be Mr Eric Pasold, whose fantastically successful "Ladybird" children's wear has been one of the textile growth-phenomena of our time. His services would come very expensive—even his non-voting "A" shares, at 59s 6d, yield only 1·7 per cent. But any reduction in nylon prices could only add further strength to Pasold's already formidably competitive elbow.

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MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

Sir Bertram Waring, chairman and managing director of the Joseph Lucas organisation, does not often appear on the public platform or in print. When he does, what he has to say is always worth hearing. One was reminded of this yet again at the first national conference at Solihull of the National Council for Quality and Reliability. Despite its ungainly title—its initials carry irresistible suggestions of Roman legions from schooldays—it means business (or "Good business" to quote its own motto) and has impressive support from Government agencies, professional and technical bodies and the TUC.

Sir Bertram's comments on the three-stage metamorphosis of Japan as a trading competitor deserve wider currency. He traced that country's progress from being an inferior copyist, through the stage of making competitively priced goods of similar quality, to its present position of making cameras, radios, motor-cycles and other products of good design and first-class quality which sell at a price advantage. On many occasions in the past Sir Bertram has shown his facility for deciphering writing on the wall almost before the first letters appear.

Incidentally, the NCQR owes much of its effectiveness to Mr Frank Nixon, chief quality engineer at Rolls-Royce, whose work in this field was recognised when he was elected chairman of the European organisation for quality control.

New town designer

John Madin, the brilliant young Birmingham architect, makes almost a hobby of collecting new towns it seems. As well as designing a complete new holiday township, Bron-y-Mor, at Towyn, and taking on the problems of making the spoil heaps and pit workings of Dawley into an exciting town worthy of one of England's loveliest counties, he has recently become adviser on the further development of Corby New Town—and regards it as one of the biggest challenges he has faced. The main impetus to the next leap forward has been given by the £33 million project to expand Stewarts and Lloyds steelworks, which calls for the employment of an additional 2,500 or so, about 2,000 of whom have still to come to Corby.

All this means that Mr Madin has had to plan for an increase in population of more than 30,000, to a total of 75,000, over the next 35 to 40 years, and on a designated acreage of 1,600. This means building at a higher density than the original new town. His two distinguished predecessors, Sir William Holford and Professor M. Wright, gave Corby a slightly Continental flavour—more militant critics have described it as looking rather like a left-over from the 1951 Festival of Britain. They might now care to revise this severe comment; to this casual eye, at any rate, it seems to have worn well, and the rather gay atmosphere created is certainly a refreshing contrast to the more monolithic redevelopments in other places.

Mr Madin's treatment remains, for the moment, undisclosed. There will be an exhibition of models next month. But blending the development areas with the existing new town and the old town lends itself to a number of intriguing possibilities. Judging by the effects of the Madin touch on Birmingham's Calthorpe Estate, where several of his commercial buildings and town houses have brought him awards, we can expect some fresh and virile thinking.

Female competition

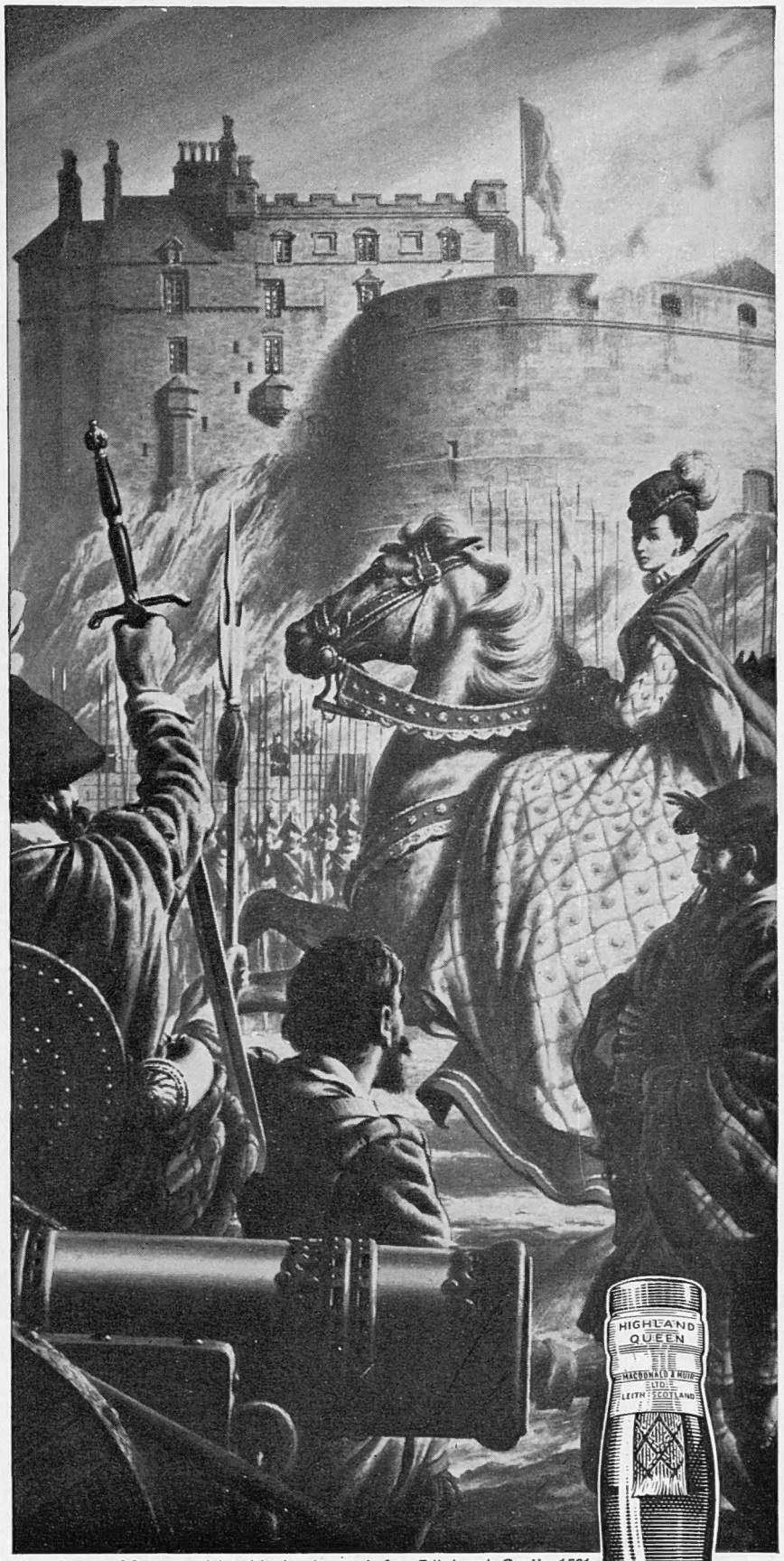
Had Mr Madin and his colleagues lived in another age they would have had a formidable competitor in Elizabeth Mytton, the remarkable woman responsible for the rebuilding in 1671 of Weston Park, Shifnal, barely the swing of a planner's compass from Dawley, and which the Earl of Bradford is opening to the public for the first time. As a pre-suffragette achievement of a woman in an essentially male world Weston deserves its place in history as much as Elizabeth and the rank she attained, for she became Lady Wilbraham. Weston Park, the home of the Bridgeman family, has much of historical interest to offer.

Gerald Michael Orlando Bridgeman, sixth Earl of Bradford, is a modest newcomer to the ranks of the stately homesmanship practitioners, but has a keen eye to the business needed to qualify for a grant under the 1953 Historic Buildings Act. He has set a target of 40,000 visitors in the first year.

British farming in Moscow

Mr Richard Perkins, director and general manager of the Perkins Group's UK operations, looked slightly envious when saying goodbye at the Peterborough works to the modern caravanserai as it started its 1,800-mile trip to the British Agricultural Exhibition at Moscow. The special invitation to Perkins to display its comprehensive range of agricultural diesel engines at the exhibition is both expressive of improving trade relations between the two countries and of the UK's position as the world's leading exporter of agricultural machinery.

Catagunya Dam The caption to the photograph of Catagunya Dam on the River Derwent, Tasmania, on page 177 in *The Sphere* of May 2, 1964, stated that it was completed by the Cementation Group of Companies. This Group was, in fact, responsible for the cable and anchor stressing; the dam was designed by the engineers of the Hydro-Electric Commission of Tasmania and constructed by the Commission's own labour force.



Mary Queen of Scots, acclaimed by her troops before Edinburgh Castle, 1561

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MOVE TO A MANSION

256 The Institute of the Motor Industry, founded in 1920, has moved its headquarters from 40 Queen's Gate, S.W.7—where the Interim Polish Government had its home during the war—to a country mansion, Fanshaws, at Brickendon, Hertfordshire.

Tribute to the work of the Institute in raising and maintaining the status of the motor industry was paid by Major-General Sir George Burns, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Hertfordshire, when he recently opened the new headquarters. Fanshaws, with six acres of land and three freehold cottages, was bought for less than the price received for 40 Queen's Gate and Mr C. T. Charles, wholesale manager of European Cars Ltd., and President of the Institute, considers that the organisation now has " a permanent headquarters with dignity and prestige within easy access of London providing adequate accommodation."

The original name of the organisation was the Institute of Motor Traders and the first honorary secretary was the late Mr E. W. Garnon, who looked after the affairs of the Institute from the Great Portland Street headquarters of the Motor Agents' Association, of which he was secretary. Following the incorporation of the organisation in 1927 its name was changed to the Institute of the Motor Trade. It got its present name in 1945.

The way in which the Institute strives to raise and maintain the status of the industry is by setting standards of knowledge and skill for all sections of the industry. There are examinations in commercial, engineering and legal subjects for would-be members and a code of professional ethics has been worked out.

At the opening ceremony, Mr Charles stated they had made considerable progress over the last 40 years since it was founded by a keen body of London traders who met in a coffee house to talk about their problems. Their influence had spread to many countries overseas and it was encouraging to note that they had been able to open their new headquarters completely free of debt or financial liability concerning them.

Motor caravanning

My wife and young son have just had—for them—a new kind of holiday. I borrowed a motor caravan—a Bluebird Highwayman—on a 1·6-litre Commer chassis, from Mr Leslie Wilson of Brixton, S.W.2, Britain's biggest caravan dealer, and they set out for three weeks in France: past Brittany and down along the Atlantic coast: a journey of about 1,500 miles there and back.

Wearing their caravan like a snail does his shell, they pottered along following no fixed schedule and quickly discovered that one of the joys of a motor caravan is the ability it gives to stop overnight almost anywhere.

In the Highwayman the driving position is high, giving wonderful views of the countryside. Cruising speeds may seem slow to a motorist used to a normal saloon but this is soon accepted and even enjoyed with the driver feeling relaxed and free.

The four-berth Highwayman—which costs around £1,000 to buy or £41 a week to hire for a Continental tour in high summer—also has a roll-up bunk which is an immediate favourite with children who can even rest in it going along.

Leaving Calais after a pleasant, salty channel crossing on the Townsend Ferry's *Free Enterprise* my family headed south-west by way of Dieppe, Laval and St. Nazaire.

The ferry across the mouth of the Loire, right beside the old German submarine pens, brought them to a relatively unspoilt stretch of coast, where they camped under the pines immediately above the beach. They found Michelin's *Camping in France* most useful in finding places at which to stay. The cost varies from a shilling or two per night from camps with cold water and " footprint " lavatories to seven or eight shillings in the more luxurious ones with bars, restaurants, ironing rooms and television.

Petrol cost nearly £20 for the trip. Since France withdrew her tourist coupons, the price is about 7s per gallon. The comparatively flat countryside and a little discreet coasting helped to give the Highwayman a petrol mileage of around 23 to the gallon. Before turning for home my family got as far as Royan, a glittering, brand-new town at the mouth of the Gironde.

Champion story

Jim Clark, the modest young Scottish sheep-farmer who last year became motor racing champion of the world at the age of 27, considers that the most important thing you can learn in racing is—how to brake! He says so in his new book—*Jim Clark at the Wheel*, Arthur Barker. 18s.

" It comes as a great shock," Clark writes, " to find that you can brake much later than you ever thought was possible; and all through racing in its every form braking is more important than most people think. It is considered that leaving your braking to the very last moment is important and I would agree; but I would also say that where you take the brakes off again also matters."

Clark reveals that Colin Chapman, the Lotus builder and team chief, for whom he drives, lays down no team tactics—unlike the great Alfred Neubauer of Mercedes-Benz. " I run my own race," says the champion. " I am not controlled from the pits in any way and Colin has never told me to speed up. Only once has he told me to slow down—and we lost the race! All Colin does is to try to give me information as to what is going on in the race."

The first car young Clark ever drove—at the age of nine!—was an Austin Seven. He recalls, too, that the first time he was ever paid for driving was when he received 6d an hour for driving his father's tractor at harvest time.

Discussing marriage Clark says he would not feel happy about asking any girl to share with him the risks of motor racing and he goes on: " At present only two things are really clear in my mind. First that I will return to the farm as my main occupation and source of income; secondly, that I will retire comparatively young. I can't see myself continuing to race for many more years until I become a veteran in the sport.

" It may seem odd for the youngest champion in the history of grand prix racing to be talking of retirement at the age of 27, but I predict that there will be even younger champions in the years to come and that retirement in the late twenties will be a commonplace of the sport."

Briefly . . .

The 875 c.c. rear-engined Hillman Imp has now been in production for 12 months and the Rootes Group informs me that in the first year of the car's history 60,000 were made. When the car celebrated its first " birthday " production was running at the rate of 2,000 a week with half of that number going to export.

Alex Moulton, the man responsible for the rubber springing of the BMC Mini, has received a Design Centre award for his unconventional bicycle which has small wheels and telescopic suspension and which in one form—the Stowaway—can be dismantled and carried in a car boot. The judges described it as a " radical re-thinking of conventional bicycle design excellently engineered for ease and comfort."

The RAC has published a new and improved edition of *Know Your Motorways*, available free of charge from any RAC office.

The Hillman Imp de luxe. The rear-engined Imp has achieved high export figures in its first year of production

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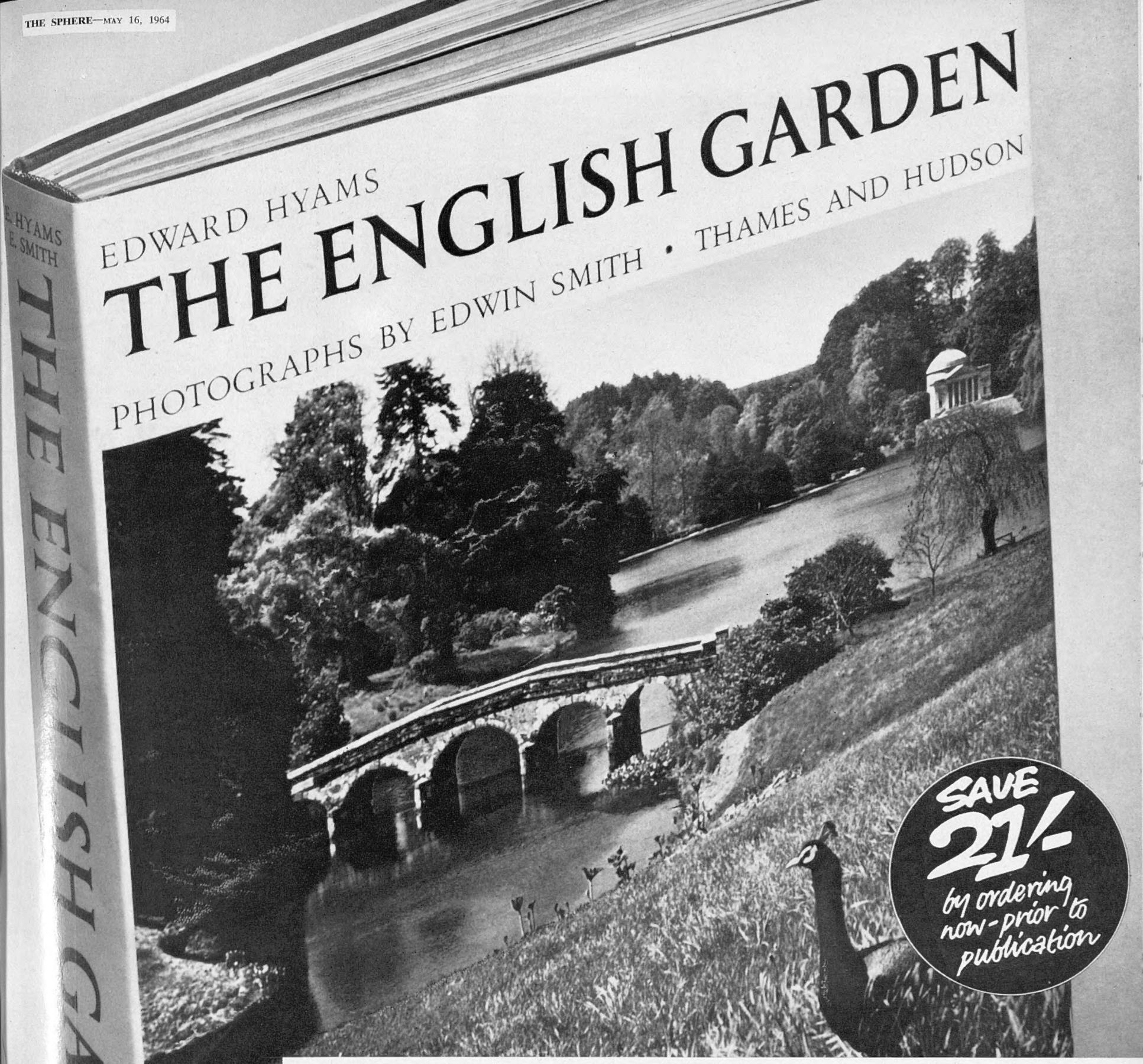

'AN OUTSTANDING PRODUCTION...'

writes Lanning Roper

gardening columnist of The Sunday Times, of the magnificent book you see above. 'THE ENGLISH GARDEN, by Edward Hyams, is a noteworthy contribution...a delightful combination of the descriptive, historical and practical . . . the illustrations, both colour and monochrome, make this an outstanding production — but the seriousness and usefulness of the author's text raise it above the category of another fine picture book.'

THE ENGLISH GARDEN is indeed outstanding: incomparably the best (and the most lavish) book ever constructed about the magic of England and her gardens. It has been written by Edward Hyams, himself a highly respected garden columnist, an entertaining novelist, and a skilled gardener who has *twice* established a flourishing vineyard in the temperamental English climate. His text is splendidly embellished with over 200 photographs of the highest standard, patiently assembled over several seasons by Edwin Smith.

All true garden lovers will envy this book. In it you can trace the complete development of the English Garden from Roman times to the delightful Tudor 'knot' gardens and the founding of the world-famous Botanical Gardens . . . you can explore the heroic gardens of the world-famous landscape architects at Stourhead, Bodnant, Rousham and many more. (A list is included of all the most notable gardens in this country that are open to visitors.)

THE ENGLISH GARDEN will be published on 22nd June by Thames and Hudson Limited at £6.6s, a price more than justified by the magnificent standard of their production. But if you order a subscription copy now, it will be posted to you on publication day, together with an invoice for *only £5.5s.* So, if you fill in this coupon and return it quickly (no money is needed until you have seen the book) you will make sure of reserving a copy — and *save 21/- into the bargain* . . .

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SUMMER 1964

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Fine Orchestras and International Stars.
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For information, contact Nigel NEILSON, 31-33 Grosvenor Hill, London W.1.
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